NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NO. DCLXXXV

DECEMBER, 1912

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS

BY SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

THE roar of the cannon in the Balkans has given resonant emphasis to the dictum, too often ignored by statesmen, that no problem is solved until it has been solved aright. The penalty of war in 1912 is the outcome of the crime of diplomacy in 1878, when Disraeli and Bismarck, at the head of the reactionary forces in Europe, restored to the hazards of Ottoman rule the Christian populations of Macedonia and Thrace that had been liberated by the conquering arms of Russia. It is the struggle of virile, young-old nationalities, cramped and crippled by the decrees of chancellors, that has precipitated the present ominous crisis upon the ancient battle-field of Europe.

When the hostilities between Italy and Turkey broke out last year the most elaborate precautions were taken by Christendom to "isolate" the conflict. The international finger of warning was shaken vigorously in the faces of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. These minor peoples, tugging at the leash in their desire to fly at the throat of their old oppressor, were solemnly notified that under no circumstances would they be permitted to complicate the calculations of their betters by undertaking movements of their own, military or diplomatic. The murmur of discontent grew menacing beneath the surface of things, however, and at the end of the past summer the chancelleries

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again served notice upon the Balkan States individually that they were under bonds to keep the peace. On the evening of September 20th the lights went out in the Foreign Offices at London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and be-ordered Excellencies to whom the task of maintaining the equilibrium of the terrestrial globe had been intrusted by the mandates of parliaments or the decrees of sovereigns betook themselves to their late dinners, predisposed to good digestion by the tranquillizing conviction that the dogs of war were finding a safe outlet for their pent-up energies in harmless, though noisy, baying.

The unexpected, always a certainty in Balkan affairs, occurred in mid-forenoon of the 21st, when the telegraph-wires flashed to the breakfast-tables of chancellors and permanent under-secretaries the astonishing news that the forked lightning was already riving the thunder-clouds that had hovered over southeastern Europe since the father of the oldest statesman of them all was in swaddling-clothes. Vague reports in cipher conveyed the information that the impossible had come to pass—that the Balkan nations, but yesterday mere pawns upon the international chess-board, had combined for a common purpose and stood ready to enforce their collective will at the gleaming points of half a million bayonets. The event was a sufficiently interesting development even from the purely diplomatic point of view. For many years Turkey and the powers had been setting race against race, nationality against nationality, in what Lord Salisbury sardonically designated as the "rat-pit" of Macedonia, and had dominated the situation by dividing the councils of the discontented elements. Intensive inquiries by ministers and chargés, whom the march of most recent events had caught napping, brought to light the amazing details of an international *coup d'état* hardly precedented in the annals of our time for largeness of scope and completeness of aim. The Foreign Offices learned, to their consternation, that Bulgaria, the most alert and most efficient, as well as the youngest, of the Balkan States, had again outwitted the chancelleries of the powers; that Bulgarian diplomacy, which under Premier Stambouloff in the late eighties had unsuccessfully essayed the task of bringing the peoples of the Peninsula to an agreement for common action, had succeeded under Premier Gueshoff, in 1912, in compromising the differences among neighbors, and had

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brought to a fulfilment the dream of a coalition against Gladstone's "unspeakable" Turk.

The issue that confronted the powers at this juncture of events was humanitarian and not territorial. The immediate demand of the Balkan Federation on its initial appearance upon the arena of international affairs stipulated only the introduction of reforms in Macedonia and Thrace—reforms to which the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin had solemnly pledged themselves in 1878. The scheme adopted by the international congress that met to readjust the relations of the world after the Russo-Turkish conflict provided for the establishment of autonomous administrations, under the overlordship of the Sultan, in Macedonia and Northern Thrace. The results of the application of the scheme of reforms in Northern Thrace, under the designation of Eastern Rumelia, the union between the Bulgarians of the principality and those of the province south of it, in 1885, in the face of the protests of the powers and of Turkey, and the final annexation of Eastern Rumelia by the newly proclaimed kingdom in 1908, are events of yesterday which have contributed greatly to the civilization of the Balkan Peninsula. The fate of Macedonia and Southern Thrace—the scene of the present struggle—presents a sharp contrast to the happy outcome of Bulgarian rule in Eastern Rumelia. Relying upon the inability of the powers to exert combined pressure to effect the enforcement of the provisions of Article XXIII. in the remaining possessions of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, Sultan Abdul Hamid successfully evaded the obligations which he had undertaken under the mandate of the powers, and the vilayets remained the helpless but constantly protesting victims of the Turkish abuses which had brought on the Russo-Turkish War.

To the neighboring Christian states—Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro — the non-application of Article XXIII. in its entirety perpetuated an element of vital peril. The organization and maintenance of large armies, to the detriment of impoverished peoples; the frequent outbreaks of hot irritation in Bulgaria, Greece, Servia, and Montenegro that invariably attended the appalling repetition of massacres of Bulgarians, Greeks, Servians, and Montenegrins across the boundaries, and often within sight and hearing of the frontier guards; and, finally, the interminable expendi-

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tures involved in the succor and rehabilitation of refugees from Turkey—these are some of the features of the old régime which were perpetuated in the territory once liberated by the sword of Alexander II. of Russia, by the failure of the powers to carry out their promises.

Against this intolerable state of affairs the small nations bordering upon Turkey have made frequent but ineffectual protests to the powers for the past three decades. In 1906, upon the outbreak of an unprecedentedly formidable revolutionary movement among the Bulgarians of Macedonia and the characteristic excesses that attended its suppression, the collective conscience of Europe felt the gnawing of the tooth of remorse. There were various conferences between statesmen and sovereigns, and, finally, after a visit which the Tsar of Russia paid to the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary at Mürzsteg, the "concert" undertook what promised to be an effective attempt to postpone the crisis in the Balkans by introducing a programme of reforms in the disturbed vilayets under the supervision of a Europeanized gendarmerie and a European fiscal administration. The application of the new order of things had hardly begun when an extraordinary event at Salonica precipitated an entirely unexpected situation. This event was the proclamation of the now famous constitutional order by the Young Turks which made such a dramatic appeal to the sympathies of the world. The sound of the unaccustomed words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" upon Ottoman lips at Salonica fired even the deadened imaginations of the subject races, accustomed for centuries to the contemptuous epithets of "*giaour*" and "*rayah.*" Enver Bey, the leader of the spectacular revolution, exchanged embraces with Zandansky, the Bulgarian insurrectionary chief, and all along the line of battle of the races a general demonstration of reconciliation, accompanied by pledges of undying loyalty to the Young Turkish reformers, became the order of the day in the region lately devastated by the tramp of armed battalions.

In this phase of the Balkan crisis, destined to bring the shadow of Armageddon lowering upon Europe out of the Near East, the powers immediately interested in carrying out the Mürzsteg programme found their opportunity to abandon the distasteful task; and the cry of "*Yasshahsin Houriet!*" raised on the shore of the Ægean was followed

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precipitately by the announcement from the Western capitals that the chancelleries, convinced of the sincerity and the effectiveness of the constitutional order in Turkey, would intrust to Ottoman hands the task of dealing with the legitimate grievances of the subject peoples. This disposition of the destinies of their brothers by blood, language, and religion brought keen apprehension to the Servians, the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Montenegrins, who had been taught by bitter experience, dating back for many generations, to place no trust in any promise of reforms dependent upon Turkey for their execution.

The disillusionment within the borders of Turkey itself began in the autumn of the *anno mirabilis* 1908, when the preparations for the first general election under the newly established constitution disclosed the purpose of the party in power—the secret organization known as the Committee of Union and Progress—to control rigidly, by the aid of the bayonet and the power of arrest, the votes of the Christian population. In addition, the *rayahs* found that their representation in Parliament had been effectively scaled down to the end of giving them a purely nominal participation in the legislative body of the Empire, even in districts in which they outnumbered the Moslems in the ratio of three to one. Other causes of discontent cropped out before the echoes of the pæans to liberty had died down in Salonica. The Christian subjects discovered that, under the pledge to encourage education with the resources of the state, the Committee of Union and Progress contemplated the practical suppression of the schools that had been conducted by the various nationalities at enormous sacrifices through the period when the Turkish scheme of education was confined to the chanting of the "*Elif*," "*Beh*," "*Teh*," "*Seh*," and the mechanical repetition of passages from "*Al Koran*" in unintelligible Arabic in the courtyards of the mosques. The encroachment upon the schools of the subject nationalities by the Young Turks — an assault upon vital rights which had been secured to the conquered since the days of the conquest—indicated a purpose of Ottomanization that caused consternation among the subject races and gave quick alarm at Sofia, Belgrade, Athens, and Cettinje. Bulgar, Greek, Servian, and Montenegrin viewed with a common and intense abhorrence the aggressive project of the new masters at Constantinople to substitute the Otto-

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man language for the Slavic or the Greek, and to establish central Ottoman control over a phase of their lives that had been recognized as peculiarly their own since the days of Amurath the First. In the unexpected crisis each wronged nationality cast about it for some means to enforce the maintenance of its historic privileges for the perpetuation of a culture far older and more advanced than that of the Turks who now sought to destroy it. The controversy grew bitter. Futile prayers gave way to violence. The Young Turks, chagrined by the untoward course of events, resorted to the argument that had always characterized the statecraft of the Old Turks—the argument of force. On the eve of the present conflict in the Balkans the region of the new and desperate *Kulturkampf* was traced by a long and dismal line of schools all through Thrace and Macedonia, which had been closed by the zeal of the reformers in behalf of the centralized Ottoman system which was designed to educate the ancient races of the Peninsula into good Turks with Turkish ideals and Turkish standards of civilization so painfully apparent in the annals of Turkish domination.

Against this new form of oppression, more insidious because more potentially effective than anything that had been attempted in the palmy days of Abdul Hamid, the states now in alliance took individual measures early in the course of the stormy Young Turkish administration. Friendly representations at Constantinople by the representatives of Balkan nations disclosed an uncompromising attitude at the seat of Ottoman power. These efforts in behalf of the *rayahs* had the unexpected result of substituting the scorpion for the whip, of adding vigor to the Ottoman effort to destroy the nationalities that were proving unamenable to the new order of things. The anarchy in Macedonia grew rapidly to the crisis which European diplomacy had been trying, in a futile and devious way, to avert as a menace to the peace of the world. The immediate incidents that precipitated collective action by the nations bordering upon Turkey are characteristic of Ottoman rule since its very beginning. Two conspicuous instances of official participation in massacres of Christians in Macedonia last summer sent the flames of resentment leaping high at the capitals of the Balkan States and Greece. The affair of Kotchana, where 174 Bulgarians were slaughtered with

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the help of Ottoman regulars and gendarmerie, confronted Tsar Ferdinand, then on the eve of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Bulgaria, with a sudden and tumultuous demand for an immediate declaration of war against the Empire within whose boundaries such things were possible. The kingdom was convulsed with a passionate outburst of resentment which the Government did its best to control. It was the affair of Kotchana that gave peculiar point to Tsar Ferdinand's subsequent declaration that war was the only recourse left to the Balkan States in their determination to secure "tolerable conditions of life" to the Christians of Macedonia.

Hard upon the savage incident of Kotchana the Ottomans, with a sinister genius for doing things at the wrong time, put the village of Berane, almost within gunshot of the Montenegrin frontier, to the sword and the torch. It was while contemplating the smoking ruins of Berane, across the border of his gallant little kingdom, that King Nicholas of Montenegro commented bitterly to an English journalist, "War would be infinitely better than such a peace!" The tragedy of Berane set Servia and the "Black Mountain" ablaze. The people of Greece, kept in a state of chronic irritation by lesser, sporadic outrages upon Greeks across the line, joined their voice to the voices of the Balkan peoples for a united effort to wipe out the score that had been accumulating since the Ottoman conquest. The cry of spilled blood was shaping events to the purposes of belligerent minorities in all four kingdoms, who for many years had been urging the solution of the Near-Eastern question by the arbitrament of the sword.

At this moment of acute agitation European diplomacy found itself suddenly face to face with a new and portentous factor, destined now or later to exert a powerful, perhaps a decisive, influence upon the solution of the problem which has driven sleep from the pillows of statesmen since the Crimean War. The first intervention of the new force into the councils of the nations took the form of a collective note to the powers from Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro, outlining a scheme of autonomous administration, under Christian governors, for the Ottoman provinces across their respective frontiers. The chancelleries were momentarily paralyzed by astonishment at the discovery of indications that the impossible had been accomplished

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—that nationalities which had been at war since time out of mind had been able to adopt a common counsel, to compose the rancors, resentments, and rivalries of a thousand years for a combined diplomatic campaign against a common foe. Yet not even at this advanced stage in the march of events did the discordant concert of Europe realize the true scope of the new and unexpected race movement upon the historic battle-ground of the nations. The suspicions of astute statesmen were not fully aroused even by the plain suggestion of complete unity of territorial purpose contained in that feature of the collective scheme of reforms which stipulated that the projected new administrative divisions should be established upon *ethnical* lines.

Impressed, nevertheless, by the exigencies of the situation as they understood it superficially, the chancelleries made a feverish effort to still the international storm that was rising amid the clank of arms on the Peninsula. The endeavors of diplomats quickly confronted the stone wall of discord—the same discord in the councils of Christendom which had enabled a disintegrating anachronism to maintain itself at Constantinople, in spite of the decree of doom which had been written upon the walls of the Mosque of Mahmoud by the inexorable finger of history.

Then came the astonishing crisis of affairs, when the Balkan League, by the presentation of its collective ultimatum to the Porte, stood forth in shining armor, strong, exigent, and determined to demonstrate the rights of the Balkan peoples and of Greece to work out their own destinies and solve for themselves the problems of race and of civilization upon the ancient soil of their patrimony. At this stage in the prelude of war the aims of the allies ceased to be purely humanitarian and became frankly territorial. The nations upon whom the heavy burden of Ottoman domination had rested with crushing weight since the battle of Vienna had laid their grievances collectively before Europe and had demanded the minimum of satisfaction. When the minimum had been denied them they announced their intention to enforce the maximum at the point of the bayonet upon an enemy who had the hordes of Asia at his back. From that instant the chancelleries correctly analyzed the struggle in the Balkans as a struggle to force the Turk out of Europe, and incidentally to serve a writ of ejectment upon the great powers who for generations had been exert-

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ing themselves to shape events in the Balkans to their own purposes without regard to the legitimate interests of the peoples who have inhabited that region since the beginnings of recorded history.

For a breathing-spell of bewildered indecision Europe, united once more by the menace of the new peril to its selfish aims, looked on with lowering brows upon the commotion south of the Danube, and at last issued its collective command to the allies, "We forbid it." The answer of the allies to the voice which formerly had terrified them as separate States, working at cross purposes with one another, was the roar of the Montenegrin guns on the road to Scutari. On the 17th of October the long-deferred but inevitable Balkan War was a grim fact all along the line of contact between the Ottoman and his former chattels. The outbreak of hostilities was no new phenomenon in the history of nations, based upon ephemeral tendencies of the hour and prompted by transitory opportunism of the day. It was the resumption of the old conflict between Europe and Asia which Karl Martel fought out on the plain of Tours, which the Russians waged in the three hundred years of Mongol mastery and in our day on the Yalu, at Port Arthur, on the waters of Tsu-Shima; which overwhelmed Europe with the vast wave of the Hunnish invasion; of which the British, the French, the peoples of Spain and of Italy are now fighting rear-guard actions in India, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, and Tripolitania. The Bulgarian gray-coat sentry before the walls of Adrianople as surely typifies the march of European progress against the immobility of Asia as does the American army surgeon in his endeavors to stamp out the plague in the Philippines.

The battles of Kirk-Kilisseh, of Uskub, of Scutari, of Lule Burgas, in 1912, are only the logical resumption of the life-and-death struggle that reached a crisis at Kossovo Polie, in 1389, when the joint armies of Servia and Bulgaria were crushed by Sultan Amurath and the light of liberty went out on the Balkan Peninsula. During the long intermission of five centuries the conquered peoples have waited with clenched teeth for the coming of the morning. The glimmerings of dawn began to appear at the opening of the nineteenth century, the century of reviving nationalities. In 1912 the dawn has worn into daylight and the daylight has disclosed a new nation in Europe.

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In the light of the brilliant military successes of the Bulgarians up to the walls of Constantinople, the Foreign Offices of the great powers are beginning to entertain diminishing illusions as to their power to re-establish the old order of things in Balkan affairs, when the *veto* of a foreign diplomat had the binding force of a divine dispensation at Sofia, at Belgrade, at Athens, and at Cettinje. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro, for the purposes of resistance to European dictation, have merged themselves into the United States of the Balkans. By the exercise of some marvelous welding power, probably having its origin in the astute statesmanship of Tsar Ferdinand, which has accomplished one of the most notable international achievements of our time, the former enemies have combined their issues. They have taken their stand shoulder to shoulder in a calm, unalterable purpose to work out their own destinies. When the time comes for a readjustment of affairs, after the sword has been restored to its sheath, Europe is destined to discover that the new boundaries in the Balkan Peninsula have been traced in blood and that it will take blood—torrents of blood—to obliterate them and retrace the old ones. And it has long been an axiom of European diplomacy in the Near East that Europe is not prepared to sacrifice many Pomeranian grenadiers or Coldstream Guardsmen in an endeavor to regulate the affairs of the "Sick Man," much as she desires to insure his survival until the opportune moment for the division of his estate shall arrive.

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AN AMERICAN VIEW

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

In the days of Uncle Toby it used to be Flanders, but for fifty years at least the cock-pit of Europe has been the Balkans. And for many years before this, the religious differences and the racial antagonisms of the odds and ends of peoples, the remnants and the fragments who here survived the invasion of the last Asiatic Horde, made South-eastern Europe a most unpleasant place to dwell in. Some outspoken observers of the situation by which the submerged Christians found themselves confronted even went so far as to say that the state of affairs was a disgrace to Christendom. But the Church, the Western Church at least, paid no more attention to these criticisms than it had to the cries for assistance that provoked them. Of course from time to time the European Concert intervened somewhat lamely and somewhat haltingly. Perhaps the intention was better than the performance. But it seemed to many people watching the conflict from many different angles that the majority of the intervening powers were most concerned, not in stopping bloodshed or in preventing massacres, but in securing postponement and delay. The diplomacy of Western Europe was frequently taxed to hold back the young and vigorous nations which have arisen among the Christian *rayahs,* overrun five hundred years ago by the Horde, the seed of the blessed Balkan martyrs, Saint Cyril and Saint Method, and postponed again and again the probate of the will which the Sick Man of Europe, and of Asia, too, for that matter, has drawn up so craftily, apparently with the single purpose of introducing discord into the plans and councils of his would-be beneficiaries.

A very cautious English correspondent cabled from Montenegro early last month the following most conservative statement; it might well have come by mail: "War

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has not yet been declared, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that a state of war has prevailed on the frontier for the last week." Now, as a matter of fact a state of war has existed on the Montenegrin frontier, on the Servian border, in Macedonian fastnesses, and on the high hills of Albania for a century past. These mountain men have carried on a struggle that is without a parallel either in the story of race wars or religious persecutions. And it was Gladstone who wrote in 1895: "In my deliberate opinion the traditions of Montenegro exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and all the war traditions of the world."

The Western reader will have to grasp the fact that war is not a new thing to the combatants, and that they have generations of belligerency behind them, before he can approach the problem of the present situation with any hope of grasping it. The diplomats of Western Europe always dreaded the "Question" entering upon a new phase, and the radical suggestion that was now and again made by unauthorized and wholly irresponsible persons to the effect that the suffering Christians should form a coalition and drive the Turks out of Europe was regarded as anathema, a silly and most reprehensible attempt to bring about a world war.

So the situation dragged on. The world peace was preserved, but every summer there was a slaughter not only of fighting-men, but of innocent women and children; and hardly a year passed but what the cock-pit of Europe was converted into a human shambles that stank of the Middle Ages. Of course, Western Europe did not enjoy this state of affairs, and Eastern Europe, particularly Russia, probably considered that the sacrifice of a quarter of a million of men which it had made in 1878 to bring about livable conditions was all that would be expected of her. Often the ambassadors of the Western powers at Constantinople would admit that the state of affairs was bad, though exaggerated by report. The flattering unction that flows from this word exaggeration the ambassadors always laid to their souls ever ready to be comforted. "Conditions are terrible at times," it was admitted, "but after all a radical solution of the vexed question might mean a great war, and this might be disastrous to our interests, to our political and commercial aggrandizement. War certainly does not fit

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into our present plans." So argued the statesmen and so talked the ambassadors in Stamboul. And the massacres continued; men, women, and little children were set upon and murdered, sometimes in the name of the Crescent and, alas, sometimes in the name of the Cross. But let us be just—the peace of the world was preserved and the business in arms was good.

Though they were slow, the young nations of the Balkan Peninsula learned, at last, to be quite as selfish as the great powers had been, and determined to help themselves. A military coalition was formed and the trap was sprung at an opportune moment. Turkey, the traditional enemy, was weakened by the war with Italy, and even more so, it would appear, by the well-meant efforts of the Young Turks to modernize her institutions and rejuvenate her form of government. The old autocracy was to become a modern state with representative institutions. All the old prejudices were to be thrown overboard and a Greek or an Armenian, a Georgian or a Jew, was to have equal civic rights and equal duties and responsibilities with the Ottoman Turks of the conquering race. It is now apparent the reformers have made the fatal mistake that Lincoln described as "swapping horses in the middle of the stream," and as a result they run extreme danger of being washed away, if not of drowning.

Some years ago—October, 1903—I wrote an article for this REVIEW entitled "The Gordian Knot in Macedonia," describing the conflicting interests that were and are still at work in that unfortunate province. Here the claims and the pretensions of the Greeks, of the Bulgarians and the Servians conflict at almost every point to-day as then, and here they will have to be compromised or otherwise adjusted before peace can descend into the cock-pit of Europe, even if the military coalition is successful in expelling the Turk.

When the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, ruled in Stamboul his policy was simplicity itself. His was a programme for self-preservation; later the deluge might come, but it is only fair to say that it did not come in his day. The schools might be closed and the most famous mosques, refused the most essential repairs, might threaten to collapse. The school-teachers could starve and the priests could beg their bread from door to door. His foreign embassies might be besieged by duns as they were, and his personal representa-

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tives abroad might be seen traveling second-class with frayed trousers and rusty coats, at least from Zemlin, where in the last generation Europe used to end, on the way to the Capitol to collect the arrears of salary and appointments that were due them. But by hook or by crook, by hundreds of devices which it would take too long to relate, this Sultan always maintained three hundred thousand excellent troops between his residence at Yildiz and the northern frontier, between him and the little nations that were growing strong and working for, not merely dreaming of, the day when a war of *revanche* would have some chances of success. Abdul Hamid placed the rifle above the man, and in the sequel it proved an excellent military policy in a world where self-preservation rises above every other consideration.

It would lead me too far afield to describe even some of the details of the situation in which the Turks were caught napping, or rather swapping horses while crossing a dangerous stream. One significant fact will have to suffice. The diplomatic cards in the game which has resulted in the disastrous war which we are now witnessing were held for the Turks, not by Tewfik Pasha or some other tried servant of the Porte, but by Norighian Bey, an Armenian, a member of a race long oppressed by the Turks. He may have been perfectly loyal to the new régime that honored him, but it must have been very difficult for him to be so; and while it may and probably was wholly undeserved, the want of confidence which the Turkish fighting-men, the men behind the guns who had to bear the brunt of the fighting, had in such leadership cannot be exaggerated. Many of them, perhaps the most intelligent of them, thought they were betrayed before a gun was fired.

While Turkey was in the throes of transition and her administration, military as well as civil, at sixes and sevens, King Ferdinand and his able Premier, M. Gueshoff, succeeded in forming a military coalition, and at a signal, given at a most opportune moment, Greece and Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro, threw themselves upon the ancestral enemy so totally unprepared for the contest. I say military coalition, I think, advisedly, though it is to be hoped that a stronger tie than one forged by the mere military exigencies of the struggle is holding the allies together. In an illuminating article entitled "The War in the Balkans," in this number of the REVIEW, a very competent

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writer suggests that the Bulgarian Premier has done more than this, that he has successfully compromised the conflicting claims of neighbors so lately hostile, as well as brought to a fulfilment the dream of a united attack upon the "unspeakable Turk." If M. Gueshoff has done this he has accomplished a miracle and worked a wonder worthy of the wonder-working days and comparable only to the best achievements of Saint Cyril.

We who are not initiated into the details of the miracle and cannot hope to be for some weeks to come at least, can only examine the conflicting claims of the States composing the Balkan League and try to figure out how the very striking differences hitherto existing can be reconciled and how the conflicting claims can be adjusted. Of course, these claims to the conquered territory that has now practically been seized by the allies were advanced weeks, months, and even years ago. But man, be he Bulgarian or Servian, is not prone to claim less in the hour of victory. From the object-lesson which they are engaged in furnishing an astonished world, the allies may perceive the advantages of that unity of action by which alone they have accomplished so much. And they may be tempted—they certainly should be—to continue the alliance and prolong the period of common action against the very trying days of diplomatic battle that are now dawning for them. Such an alliance, however, would require great mutual forbearance and entail political sacrifices to the individual States that would be difficult to bear. But it would safeguard them against many worse evils from the utter confusion that will overtake all their plans if but one of the Balkan States can be induced, we will say by a great power, to seek selfish advantages or if the statesmen called to positions of such eminence and responsibility should attach undue weight to the almost hysterical utterances of the various Greater Bulgarian, Pan-Serb, and Pan-Hellenic agitators who are dreaming of empires that could never be fitted into southeastern Europe even though it were as large as Asia, and who are professionally averse to, and temperamentally incapable of, compromise.

The literature of the renaissance of the Christian States in the Balkans is filled with conflicting testimony and bristling with contradictions. Of course, the refinding and relocating of the old boundary line of the ancient kingdoms

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which disintegrated centuries ago, or which the Horde trampled under foot, is a task of almost superhuman difficulty. There never was, apparently, any boundary-line agreement as to the confines of the Greek Empire, of the Bulgarian Empire, or of the old Servian Empire, and the actual frontiers were, perhaps, never fixed and certainly they were never long stationary. They occasioned many bitter disputes and many bloody wars. To-day, when the old title-deeds of past glories and ancient possessions are being renovated and brought into the light of day, they are, naturally, studied by the ambitious, though disinherited, children of these vanished realms in an optimistic, not to say chauvinistic, spirit. It may be said that the boundaries which these partisans fondly hope are on the point of being re-established conflict at every point where they do not overlap. And neither the Serb nor the Bulgar nor the Greek is inclined to accept any boundaries for the kingdom which he seeks to restore other than those which it perhaps enjoyed in the days of its greatest power and expansion.

Even to-day, with the victory not secure and the work of the military coalition not complete, discordant notes are heard amid the pæans of victory. And a cloud already larger than a man's hand can be discerned overhanging Belgrade. Here M. Pastich, the Servian Premier, has communicated his plans for a greater Servia to the correspondent of the *Temps,* as he did to me three years ago with even greater fullness. "Servia wants the ports of St. Giovanni di Medua, Alessio, and Durazzo on the Adriatic Sea, which the Servian Empire possessed in the Middle Ages and by which she was territorially related to the rest of Europe."

Here we may have the initial clash, though there are a dozen more serious ones in the background. With these words the Servian Premier abolishes a free Albania, cuts off Austria from the Ægean, and apparently takes quite a juicy slice out of that Greater Bulgaria which the soldiers of King Ferdinand have been fighting for gallantly.

To understand the Bulgarian aspirations to-day or their past history you must visit the city of Tirnovo on the Jantra. The glory has departed from this "citadel of thorns," this ancient crowning city of the Bulgarian Tsars; but in the church of the Forty Holy Martyrs, that Westminster Abbey of a patriotic people, inscriptions can still be read as to the metes and bounds of the ancient kingdom which have

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the force of Holy Writ to the young men who must make or mar Greater Bulgaria. I once visited this interesting place with M. Stambouloff when he was Premier of Bulgaria, and with him read the testament engraven on stone of the great autocrat which the young Bulgarians regard as the covenant of their claim. It runs:

"In the year 1230, I, John Asen II., Tsar and Autocrat of the Bulgarians, obedient to God in Christ, son of the old Asen, have built this most worthy church from its foundations and completely decked it with paintings in honor of the Forty Holy Martyrs by whose help in the twelfth year of my reign, when the church had just been painted, I set out to Rumania to the war and smote the Greek army and took captive the Tsar Theodore Kommenus with all his nobles.

"And all lands have I conquered from Adrianople to Durazzo—the Greek, the Albanian, and the Servian lands. Only the towns around Constantinople and that city itself did the Frank hold; but these two bowed themselves beneath the hand of my sovereignty, for they had no other Tsar but me. And I prolonged their days according to my will as God had so ordained. For without Him no word or work is accomplished. To Him be honor forever, Amen."

"What a great man he was!" commented Stambouloff, his dark and rather dull features brightened by the vivid touch of enthusiasm, and then, after a hot discussion over the translation of the inscription, in which I had taken no part for the best of reasons, died away, he added, talking slowly and weighing every word, "I am working to-day to the end that some Bulgarian, some son of this soil, may come into his patrimony and rule over all the brethren just as did the Tsar John."

I only indicate here one of the possible points of contact and of friction, but one of the many potential causes of discord in the camp of the present Balkan coalition. There are many others and perhaps more serious ones inherent in the situation and inseparable from any attempt to solve the Macedonian question and distribute its provinces according to the race and the Church of the inhabitants. We must not forget that where the Tsar John went there the Greater Bulgarian of to-day would go and would stay, the Servian Premier notwithstanding. While a spirit of compromise and the exercise of common sense may conjure all the dangers to the peace of Europe which cannot and certainly should not be concealed, it is quite clear, unless King Ferdinand's cautious as well as shrewd diplomacy prevails, and he is able in the hour of victory to restrain his people, there are other wars brewing in the cock-pit of Europe.

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Every child in Bulgaria drinks in with his mother's milk the story of the downfall of the ancient Bulgarian Empire, and at his mother's knees promises to work for its restoration. And he knows how the downfall came about, and he has his own ideas as to how the new and greater kingdom is to be built up. All this child's prattle does not help to make the Serbs and the Bulgarians to-day better allies and better friends. For although the Tartars were overrunning the land and the attitude of the Greeks was menacing, it was the Serbs who a century before their own dark day on Kossovo field overcame the Bulgars and for a season achieved and maintained the hegemony of the Balkan States. The Tsar Michael's shameful treatment of his Serb consort was the occasion rather than the cause of the collision between the two Slavic people. The Tsar Michael had formed a league of Greeks, Rumanians, and Bulgarians against the Serb King, Stephen Üros the Third, and boasted that he would easily overcome him. But the Serbs fell upon the Bulgarian army caught napping at a place which is probably the present Köstendil on June 28, 1330, a day still remembered with sorrow by patriotic Bulgarians, although they do not wear mourning for it as do the Montenegrins to this day in sad remembrance of the battle of Kossovo.

There is no country in the world where the military lessons of the Adrianople campaign could be studied and taken to heart with more profit than in these United States. Despite all the talk of international tribunals and the preachments of peace, the habits of the nations of the world have never been more predatory than they are to-day. And it cannot be denied that at this juncture our great cities and our great store-houses of almost fabulous wealth are no more adequately defended, and our defenders no more numerous in relation to our increased population than they were in the days when the British captured Washington.

The military record of the Turkish soldier is a proud one. His devotion to duty, his sobriety, his capacity for suffering, and his willingness to meet death half-way and, indeed, to go to seek it, are both traditional and undisputed facts. Now in a few weeks he has been overwhelmed by the Slavs, who until recently touched the ground with their foreheads before him, and by the Greeks, who, in 1897, made such a poor showing when brought face to face with the sturdy soldiers of Edhem Pasha.

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How, then, can the unexpected result be accounted for. Has the Turk become a coward overnight? Has the leopard changed his spots? There is every reason to believe from the unanimous reports of eye-witnesses that such is not the case. Newspaper paragraphers are also having their jests at the expense of the Turkish fortifications which the invading army have had no difficulty in rushing or in turning. But as a matter of fact these fortifications stand to-day, in whosesoever possession they may be, as nearly, if not quite, the last word in the art of defense. They were designed by Brialmont, the great Belgian engineer, and they have been developed and strengthened by the Germans under von der Goltz Pasha. The soldiers were excellent, the fortifications could not be improved upon; but it is quite apparent there was no organization, much less co-ordination, in the Turkish army. The lesson taught at the expense of many thousands of lives and the fall of an Empire is that you cannot hoard your military resources as you can and should put money in the bank against the evil rainy day. You must use your army under conditions approximating those of war or it will degenerate into an unwieldy mob prone to panics and ineffective in emergencies.

Again, it proves that fortifications, however admirably designed, will not stop an invading army unless they are manned by trained men. The best artillery is mere scrap unless you have ammunition with which to serve it and unless you have your transportation organized so as to place your ammunition where it will be most needed.

Colonels who have never seen a regiment, much less led one, and generals who are only acquainted with brigade formation from technical or picture books, recruits who do not know how to shoot, and miscalled reserves who have never served with the colors, are all factors in this complete overthrow and confusion of one of the great fighting races. The new régime had not spent its money exclusively at Essen or at the Creuzot forges. The artillery that they had rusted in sheds. The rifles were stacked in magazines and armories. Mounts for the cavalry had to be caught. In Turkey an army had to be improvised to meet the advance of the Balkan coalition, and this improvisation, though attempted by perhaps the most military people in Europe, was a ghastly failure, as such attempts always must be.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

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IS THE HIGH COST OF LIVING GOING HIGHER?

BY IRVING FISHER

THE FORCES WHICH MAGNIFY THE SCALE OF PRICES

In the last fifteen years prices have risen in all gold-standard countries for which we have statistics. The rise has generally averaged from thirty to fifty per cent.—so far as the very meager statistics available enable us to judge. The high cost of living, then, is one of the world riddles of to-day and will remain so until the world inquiry, provided for by the Crawford-Sulzer Bill, shall possibly lead to a solution more or less complete. Such an inquiry is sorely needed. We need to know more exactly where, when, how much, and why this rise of prices has occurred; whether, for instance, it represents a growing scarcity of food or a subtle change in its ownership, whether it is a curable or an incurable malady, and whether it has already run its course or is only in its first stages. In this article I shall consider only this last question—*viz.*, Will the trend of world prices in the future still continue upward? This is a question difficult to answer fully and with statistical precision, owing to lack of data sufficiently complete. And yet there are a thousand statistical straws in Europe and America which show clearly which way the wind is blowing.

In the September number of the *American Economic Review* I have given statistics which indicate that the high cost of living has not yet reached high-water mark and is not likely to do so for many years to come. Those who wish to examine the technical methods employed in this study, as well as the statistical material involved, are referred to the above-named article in the *American Economic Review*. In the present article I shall confine myself to a general outline of the evidence.

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While making no claim to absolute certainty and fully realizing how perilous are all predictions in economics, I nevertheless believe that conclusive evidence exists that the general future course of prices will be upward, not downward.

This evidence takes account of all the chief factors which can influence the *general* price level. Predictions based on one factor only are always worthless. Thus, although gold is an important factor in the case, those predictions which are based only on forecasts of future gold production are of little value. There is some reason to believe that gold production may, in a few years, reach its maximum and then gradually decline; but it would be a great mistake to jump to the conclusion that prices must therefore fall. Such a view overlooks the many other important factors affecting the price level. Even in regard to the influence of gold itself, it overlooks the fact that it is not the annual output of gold or even the annual absorption of gold into the currencies of the world which really affects prices, but the total *stock* of gold money. The world's stock of gold money may continue to increase long after gold production has begun to fall off, just as a lake may continue to rise long after the mountain torrent which is filling it has begun to subside. The lake continues to fill up so long as the inflowing stream, subsiding though it may be, still continues to pour in faster than evaporation and other drains draw the water out. The great lake of the world's gold coin will fill up so long as the mines, even while being exhausted, nevertheless continue to pour in gold faster than the consumption and loss of gold drain it out.

Other predictions as to the course of prices ignore the gold element altogether. This is an even more serious oversight, for in gold-standard countries the gold element is present in every price. We often hear it said that the supply and demand of everything fix the price of everything and so must fix the price level. But we must not forget to include the supply and demand of gold itself in terms of which all other prices are measured. It is true, in a sense, that supply and demand fix the price of wheat in terms of gold, but supply and demand *of what?* Not simply of wheat, but also of gold! If we were to express the price of wheat in terms of tobacco, it is perfectly clear that in explaining any change in the price of wheat we should need

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to study not simply the supply and demand of wheat, but also the supply and demand of tobacco. Yet I have no doubt that when, in the early history of Virginia, tobacco was the ordinary money many people forgot tobacco as an element in the price of wheat just as to-day many people forget gold as an element in the price of wheat. If the supply and demand, say, of wheat fully determine its price, why is not the price of wheat across the Mexican border in terms of Mexican dollars and cents the same as in Texas in terms of American dollars and cents? Why is it that the price of wheat in Mexican dollars is something like double the price of wheat in American dollars? Evidently the answer cannot be found in the supply and demand of *wheat.* It is not because wheat is so scarce in Mexico; it is not because there is a big demand and a little supply of wheat. It is because the Mexican dollar, being worth only half the American dollar, the whole *scale* of prices in Mexico is magnified twofold in terms of our scale of prices.

I think it might help some people to an understanding of "the problem of the price level" if we should call it "the problem of the *scale* of prices." If the Mexicans had a dollar as heavy as ours, as have the Canadians, prices in Mexico would be on half the present Mexican scale. Some people have the naïve idea that the weight of gold in a dollar has nothing to do with its value. When, at the recent International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, I suggested a plan to virtually increase the weight of the gold dollar in order to check the rise in prices, one gentleman opposed the suggestion because he believed the weight of the gold in a dollar has nothing to do with its purchasing power. He believed that the "Government stamp" makes the dollar what it is, irrespective of its weight. This is the theory of "fiat" money, and is demonstrably false. If it were true there would not be so high a scale of prices in Mexico as compared with the United States. No one has the hardihood to deny that the great difference between the scales of prices in Mexico and the United States has some relation to the weight of gold in the dollar; yet the Mexican and American gold coins are stamped by the Government with the same name. In both countries they are "dollars" and multiples thereof.

The problem of the scale of prices is a problem of the relation between the gold unit and other things. To pre-

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dict the price level we must take account of gold; we must take account of the other things priced in gold; and we must take account of all the influences which affect the relative values of gold, on the one hand, and all other things on the other hand. Let us here note that the "purchasing power of the dollar" and "the general *scale* of prices" are reciprocal phrases. To say that the purchasing power of the dollar is high or low is the same thing as to say that the general scale of prices is low or high, respectively. If the price scale is doubled, the purchasing power of the dollar will be halved, and *vice versa.*

Let us see, then, what is the outlook for the future as to the scale of prices and therefore as to the purchasing power of the dollar. As I have shown in my book, *The Purchasing Power of Money,* the forces which determine the purchasing power of the dollar may be grouped under two heads: first, the circulation of media of exchange (money and checks), and, second, the volume of trade or the quantities of goods bought and sold. Every increase in the use of money and checks tends to inflate prices, while every increase in the volume of trade tends to lower prices. Whether the scale of prices expands or contracts depends on which is gaining in the perpetual race between the circulation of money and checks, on the one hand, and the volume of trade on the other. In short, if facilities for payment (money and checks) outstrip the needs of business, the price level will rise; if the business to be done outstrips the money and checks to do it with, prices will fall.* By this adjustment

* The principles for determining the general scale of prices are sometimes imperfectly described by the phrase "the quantity theory of money," which, though usually crudely stated, contains an important truth. Owing to the perversion of this theory in the bimetallic and free-silver discussions of two decades ago, it has fallen into some disrepute, not wholly deserved. It is interesting to note that in England, where no such misuse of these fundamental principles to suit the purposes of unsound money schemes has been made, there is substantial unanimity of agreement as to the truth of the theory in the modified form employed, for instance, in *The Purchasing Power of Money.* Englishmen acquired correct ideas on this subject at the time of the famous Bullion Report on the paper money issued in the war with Napoleon. It is interesting to note that at that time the "quantity theory" happened to serve the purposes of the *Sound Money party.* In the United States, however, and (to a less extent) on the continent of Europe we still find traces of a bias or prejudice against the theory because it was believed to have served the purposes of bimetallists and free-silverites. This bias, it is interesting

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of the scale of prices the total expenditure of money and checks for goods is kept in exact equality to the value of the goods bought thereby. It is clear, of course, that there must always be this "equation of exchange" between the value of the goods bought and the value of the money and checks spent for them.

Thousands of causes can affect the general level of prices, but only as they affect the volume of business, on the one hand, or the circulation of money and checks on the other. For instance, it can be shown that a protective tariff tends to raise the general price level of the country by inflating its currency, on the one hand, and decreasing its volume of trade on the other, to say nothing of the effects on the relative prices of different commodities according as they are or are not "protected." Contrariwise, a reduction in the tariff, such as we may expect next March, will tend to restrain the upward trend of prices. So also trusts and labor unions and the concentration of population in cities, as well as various other influences, affect the volume of trade and the circulation of media of exchange.

We are not entering here on any denial of the potency of these causes. We are merely insisting that they can act only through the two channels—*volume of trade* and *circulation of money and checks*. Many who have noted the influence of some particular cause, such, for instance, as labor unions, jump to the unwarranted conclusion that the whole scale of prices must be directly affected thereby. But we cannot assume that when a particular price rises it pulls up the general level of prices with it any more than we can assume that a man who walks up-stairs pulls the earth up with him. We know that, as a matter of fact, the man who walks up-stairs is really pushing the earth down. If it were worth while we could show that in some cases (not all) a rise in a particular price tends to push down the general level of other prices. For instance, scarcity of food,

to note, appears to vary in strength in different countries in proportion to the intensity of the local political feeling engendered a decade and a half ago over these questions. It is a curious fact that such prejudices affect the judgment, usually unconsciously, even of some supposedly scientific students of the subject. But the number of such who still fanatically oppose the quantity theory of money, however qualified, is now extremely small and growing smaller.

An excellent English book on the subject by Sir David Barbour, entitled *The Standard of Value*, has just been issued.

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while it tends to raise food prices, tends to lower the prices of clothing and other things. For the more income is spent on food the less income is there left for other things, and therefore the less effective demand for these other things.

The only true way of treating the general level of prices, then, is through the "equation of exchange." The factor which we have called the "circulation of money and checks" may obviously be resolved into two factors, although closely related to each other—namely, the "circulation of money" and the "circulation of checks," and each of these two factors may, in turn, be resolved into two others. The circulation of money resolves itself into the "volume of money" in circulation multiplied by the "velocity of circulation" of that money—that is, the number of times the money of the country is *turned over* in the course of a year. In the same way the "circulation of checks" resolves itself into the "volume of deposits subject to check" (the total of what people very improperly call the money they have "in the bank" to pay bills with) multiplied by the velocity of circulation of these deposits; in other words, the number of times they are turned over in the course of a year, or, in business terms, the "activity" of bank accounts.

RECENT STATISTICS

The meaning of these factors can best be seen by a glance at the actual statistics. I have calculated that the total annual circulation of media of exchange in the United States (1911) is approximately $422,000,000,000, of which about $34,000,000,000 consisted of *money* payments and the remainder, $388,000,000,000, of *check* payments. These figures show that the money expenditures in the United States constituted only eight per cent. of the total national expenditures, the other ninety-two per cent. being the expenditures by check.* The $34,000,000,000 of money expenditure was accomplished by a volume of only $1,640,000,000 of actual money in circulation (*i. e.*, outside the United States Treasury and the banks). This shows that on the average each dollar of money in the pockets and tills of the people must

* I may add in passing that these calculations are, so far as I know, the first to show, with any approach to accuracy, the relative importance of cash and credit—*i. e.*, of money and check expenditures—and agree well with the general impression which business men have always had.

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have changed hands about twenty-one times in the year—*i. e.*, \$34,000,000,000 = 21×\$1,640,000,000. In the same way the \$388,000,000,000 expenditure by check was accomplished by means of a volume of \$7,770,000,000 of bank deposits subject to check, turned over about fifty times in the year—*i. e.*, \$388,000,000,000 = 50×\$7,770,000,000.

For convenience we may take the year 1909 as a base for comparison both for prices and for the volume of trade. The scale of prices in 1911 was 2 1/5 per cent. higher than that for 1909, and the volume of trade in 1911 *reckoned at the prices of 1909* was \$413,000,000,000, so that the actual value of this trade (in the prices of 1911) was 2 1/5 per cent. more than this, or \$422,000,000,000, which, of course, is the same as the total expenditure already given—that is, \$422,000,000,000 = \$413,000,000,000×102 1/5 per cent.

We can now express in figures the equation of exchange for 1911 (using 1909 as the base of reference for the price level and the volume of trade). To save writing too many ciphers the following statement is made in *billions* of dollars:

Circ. of money (34)+Circ. of checks (388)=Value of goods bought (422).

Money×its velocity+Deposits×their vel'y=Trade×scale of prices.

1.64×21 + 7.77×50 = 413×102 1/5 per cent.

These six factors act and react on one another, but in a general way it is true that the scale of prices is the effect of the other five causes and not an independent cause itself affecting these other factors.

In a general way also any increase in money will carry with it a corresponding increase in deposits, because, in a general way, the public arranges its cash and its check expenditures in fairly definite proportions. (Bank reserves also tend to keep proportional to deposits.) So an inflation of money in circulation tends to raise prices not only by increasing the circulation of money itself, but also by increasing deposits and their circulation. But there is usually also a tendency of deposits to grow on their own account. The extension of banking brings with it a rapid growth of deposits not only absolutely, but relatively to money.

In the last fifteen years money in circulation in the United States has grown at the rate of 4.2 per cent. per annum, which is a very rapid rate. But deposits have grown at the still more rapid rate of 7.3 per cent. per annum. The

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rate of turnover of money has grown less than 1 per cent. per annum and the rate of turnover of deposits 2 per cent. per annum. These rates of increase of the four factors on the left side of the equation of exchange have caused the total of that side—*i. e.*, the total expenditures—to increase at the rate of 9.1 per cent. per annum. Consequently the right side of the equation had to increase at this same rate, and as the volume of trade increased only 5.3 per cent. per annum the result was that, to make things even, the price level had to rise at the rate of 3.5 per cent. per annum. We may say, then, in a general way that in the United States prices have been rising over 3 per cent. per annum *in spite of* a great expansion of trade and *because of* a still greater expansion of facilities for payment. The following figures show the present average annual rates of increase in the United States of the six factors in the equation of exchange:

Money in circulation, 4.2 per cent. per annum.
Its velocity of circulation, 0.7 per cent. per annum.
Deposits subject to check, 7.3 per cent. per annum.
Their velocity of circulation, 2.0 per cent. per annum.
Volume of trade, 5.3 per cent. per annum.
Scale of prices, 3.5 per cent. per annum.

Unfortunately, we have no equally good statistics for other countries. Yet we can calculate approximately the growth of money and deposits in various countries from official statistics, and the growth of trade from statistics of tons of freight carried by the railways, letters carried by the Post Office, shipping, tonnage, etc. The growth of the velocity of circulation of deposits can be calculated from the rate at which the growth of bank clearings outstrips the growth of deposits. This leaves only the velocity of circulation of money of which we know little, but which I assume to be growing at the rate of one-half per cent. per annum — that is, approximately as fast as in the United States. The estimates of the growth of the various factors mutually check one another by fulfilling very closely the obvious requirement that the two sides of the equation of exchange must grow equally fast. This requirement is exactly fulfilled for England and also for English-speaking countries as a group (United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia), and within one-half of one per cent. for all gold-standard countries (including Continental Europe, Japan, India, etc.).

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For the gold-standard world as a whole (comprising now all the important commercial nations except China) the estimates, as finally adjusted, indicate that the quantity of money in circulation is increasing at the rate of 2½ per cent. annually; its velocity of circulation, ½ per cent.; deposits, 6½ per cent.; their velocity, 1½ per cent.; and the total circulation of media of exchange 7 per cent. This is outstripping trade, which is growing only 4½ per cent. per annum. Hence the scale of prices has to expand at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. In short, then, world prices have been going up 2½ per cent. a year because facilities for payment are outstripping the growth of trade by that amount.

FORECAST

But these calculations all relate to the past. The question now arises, Can we, on this basis, forecast the future? To answer this question we need to consider (1) the outlook as to inflation of the circulation of money and checks and (2) the outlook as to volume of trade. We shall find that monetary inflation promises to continue at nearly the present rate, check inflation at more than the present rate, and the growth of trade at no more than the present rate.

To be specific, there is strong reason to believe that for many years to come the world's money in circulation will continue to expand at *not less* than 2 per cent. per annum (which is ½ per cent. less than at present); its velocity at *not less* than ½ per cent. per annum; deposits at *not less* than 6 per cent. (½ per cent. less than at present); and their velocity of circulation at *not less* than 1½ per cent. (the present rate); while the volume of trade promises to increase at *not more* than 4½ per cent. per annum (its present rate). On the basis of these estimates we conclude that the total facilities for purchasing goods will probably increase *at least* at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum, while the volume of trade will increase *at most* at the rate of 4½ per cent., making necessary a probable average annual increase in prices of *at least* 2 per cent. per annum.

It is interesting to note that since this estimate was made prices in United States and England have already advanced, as compared with a year ago, an average of about 5 per cent. Of course the future will see some downs as well as ups in the course of prices; in fact, there is reason to expect the present upward rush to culminate in a crisis* in a few years

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followed by a temporary depression. But the general trend will, I believe, be upward for many years to come.

Doubtless the reader desires to know why the above figures have been assigned as safe estimates for the future. The reasons are, in brief, as follows:

First we have to consider the outlook as to the world's stock of money. The principal cause in recent years for the increase of money in circulation has been the great output of gold. This output has been a remarkably steady percentage (four and one-half) of the world's stock of gold. Some gold-mining experts, like De Launay and John Hays Hammond, believe it will continue. Others, like George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, think the chances are that the maximum will be reached in a few years. At any rate, and even leaving out of account the chance of great discoveries which always exists, the output is fairly sure to remain excessive for many years even if it ceases to increase or to increase at the present rate.

Director Roberts, who is one of the best-informed men in the world on this subject, and who, as stated, takes a conservative view, states in his 1911 report:

"It has been a theory of writers on the subject that the rise of commodities and wages would automatically check the production of gold, thus providing its own corrective; but the gold-mining industry furnishes an illustration of how invention, organization, and the use of capital are able to accomplish a reduction in costs when every factor in the calculation shows an advancing tendency. The cost of handling ore and extracting gold in the Transvaal mines per ton of ore treated has steadily declined and made a new low record in 1910. . . . While it is not likely that the Rand will show an appreciable decrease for a good many years to come, it is probably not far from the maximum output. There has been no gain in the world's production for some years except that made by the Rand."

* There is not space here to discuss fully this important possibility in the future course of prices. Both economic principles and statistical records indicate that any prolonged rise of general prices is likely to culminate in a crisis. The more rapid the rise the more quickly the crisis is likely to happen. The tendency is connected with over-investment in speculative enterprises. It is a curious and interesting fact that such over-investment seems to have been curbed in the United States by the recent "anti-trust" policy, and the rise of prices may be further curbed in the United States by a reduction in the tariff next spring. These checks may have the useful result of postponing the next crisis for this country. In some other countries there seems to have been developed a more dangerous over-expansion than in the United States.

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We conclude, then, that so far as the future production of gold is concerned it is not safe to predict any great increase, although it would be still less safe to predict a decrease. It seems safe only to say that the production of gold will not decrease fast nor suddenly and that whether or not its production decreases at all gold will for many years still be produced in sufficient quantities to create a net addition to the world's money and bank reserves nearly, if not quite, equal to the record of recent years—that is, let us say, at least two per cent. per annum, which is only four-fifths of the present rate. It seems unlikely that the rate of increase of money stock will fall much below this.

Nor is gold the only source of addition to monetary stock. If the plan of the National Monetary Commission should be adopted, or, for that matter, any other plan likely to be considered for improving our currency, the result must inevitably be to inflate the currency, for it would put a stop to our present uneconomical use of bank reserves and release reserves now locked up. The tendency of all these changes (however desirable on other grounds) would be to inflate the currency still further and to raise prices. When, therefore, we consider all the possibilities before us—the chances of new discoveries of gold or of further economies in gold-mining, the certainty of a continuance of an enormous annual extraction of ore actually "in sight," the chances of increases in paper money and subsidiary coins—we may feel confident that gold production will not slacken enough to bring the upward movement of prices to a standstill. In order to arrest this upward movement of prices, the gold production would (other things being equal) practically need to cease altogether so as to make the money in circulation remain stationary, for the figures given show that money is now increasing at the rate of 2½ per cent., which is the same rate as prices are increasing.

Next let us consider the prospects for the velocity of circulation of money. We have assumed that the velocity of circulation of money in the world will only feebly increase, this assumption being based on the calculation made above for the United States. It is safe to say that the rate of increase could not be much lower than that assigned and it may be somewhat higher. In fact, there is much to be said in favor of the latter view. The extension of rapid transportation will tend powerfully in this direction, espe-

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cially in slow and backward countries like India. Again, the extension of banking tends in the same direction. Where banking does not exist, money is hoarded—*i. e.*, circulates slowly. No one will, I think, deny that for many reasons hoarding is constantly on the decrease, and a decrease in hoarding means an increase in velocity of circulation. It was not long ago when French people stowed away large sums of money in stockings and other domestic receptacles. These were their chief savings-banks and savings meant hoards. But to-day such money as is not needed for immediate use is generally deposited in some sort of bank, whether a savings-bank or an ordinary bank of deposit, and is thence returned by that bank into circulation or used as a reserve for several times its value in deposits subject to check. In either case the effect is virtually to inflate the currency.

We may, I believe, expect such a release of Oriental hoards in the future. The astonishing lengths to which hoarding is now carried in Egypt and India are emphasized by Director Roberts. He says:

> "The Egyptian situation is somewhat like that of India, . . . but there is some mystery about the way the gold disappears from view. It does not enter into bank stocks, and it is difficult to understand how a country of its size and population and in which the masses of the people are so poor can absorb so much gold coin. Some light is shed upon the situation by the following statement in an address by Lord Cromer, made in London in 1907:
>
> "'A little while ago I heard of an Egyptian gentleman who died, leaving a fortune of £80,000, the whole of which was in gold coin in his cellars. Then, again, I heard of a substantial yeoman who bought a property for £25,000. Half an hour after the contract was signed he appeared with a train of donkeys bearing on their backs the money, which had been buried in his garden. I hear that on the occasion of a fire in a provincial town no less than £5,000 was found hidden in earthen pots. I could multiply instances of this sort. There can be no doubt that the practice of hoarding is carried on to an excessive degree.'"—*The Statist,* November 2d.

The amount of such hoards has been emphasized by Director Roberts as evidence that they provide a future sink for gold and thus tend to absorb gold and perhaps arrest the rise of prices. There can be no doubt that Oriental hoarding will continue for years to afford an outlet for redundant gold and so tend to mitigate the resultant rise of prices. But there is no reason to think that such a cause can stop the rise of prices. The weakness of such

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an argument lies in the tacit assumption that the influence of hoarding will be more powerful in the future than in the past, whereas the opposite is more likely to be the case; and even in the past it has not been sufficient to prevent a rapid rise of prices. In the future we must reckon with a lessening tendency to hoard and an increasing tendency to gradually *unload* ancient hoards. Just as, with the introduction of banking, hoarding long ago went out of vogue in England, and more recently in France, so it must surely, if slowly, go out of vogue in India and Egypt. The transformation will take place as these countries gradually introduce Occidental banking. Already there is a rapid growth of banking in these countries.

The same principle applies to Oriental hoards in the form of ornaments. Centuries ago Englishmen used to put part of their hoards into "plate" which could be reconverted into coin if emergency required. With the advent of banking devices such a custom has long since disappeared. It is to be expected that little by little the same process will turn part of the Oriental hoards of ornaments into monetary use. Thus, as a consequence of the introduction of Western civilization into the Orient, we have the prospect of further additions to the effective use of the world's gold, a further virtual inflation of the currency. Director Roberts says:

> "There is an undoubted tendency in all countries to use banks more than formerly, and it is probable that the stock of gold in banks has been recruited not only from new production, but to some extent from gold heretofore held in private hoards and out of use. In every country the younger generation to whom these hoards descend is likely to put them to some use."

Similar Government hoards and even bank hoards seem likely in the future to decline or, at any rate, to cease being accumulated. A decade and more ago gold was so scarce, as compared with the demands made upon it, that a large part of the early additions to the world's stock was absorbed to strengthen weak reserves and Government hoards and to replace silver and paper. About a billion of gold has been accumulated by the United States in the last ten years, and about half a billion by Russia and France. Moreover, Japan, Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico have absorbed much gold. India, Mexico, the Philippines, Panama, and

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the Straits Settlements have made demands on gold to sustain their "gold exchange standard." An economist of note writes:

"The effect of raising prices, I think, however, would have been vastly greater than it has been had not the United States, Russia, and Egypt been hoarding gold and thus employing it uneconomically."

These demands on gold have now been so far satisfied that in the future any addition to the world's stock will be freer to enter actual circulation and so to act on prices. The diminution of hoarding, therefore, will in various ways tend to raise prices. To be conservative, I have assumed that the effect on the velocity of circulation of money will not be sufficient to raise it above one-half per cent. per annum. It would not be surprising, however, if the truth should be several times this figure.

We come next to the volume of deposits subject to check. When once it is recognized that deposits subject to check are a form of currency similar in function to bank-notes—in fact, are to-day the *chief* form—the discussion of the price level will assume a new phase.

In the United States the volume of check transactions forms 92 per cent. of all transactions. Probably something like this ratio obtains in Canada and England. Outside of English-speaking lands, however, the ratio is undoubtedly much less. If we could assume that the volume of check transactions maintains a constant ratio to that of money transactions the circulation of checks would not have to be reckoned with as an independent factor. Some day in the future, when the use of checks has grown up to its full capacity, it would not be strange if the ratio of checks to money should thereafter remain fairly constant. At present, however, the use of checks in place of money is being extended with prodigious rapidity. *This is the dominant feature of the present situation and forms the chief basis of the forecast here attempted.* All nations—even those which have used checks for generations—are making a continually larger use of checks relatively to money. The figures show that everywhere the use of banking devices is increasing much more rapidly than the volume of money. Even in England, where checks have been used for so long a time, the volume of deposits is still increasing at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum; in the United States at 7.3 per cent.;

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in Canada at 12 per cent.; and in Australia at 3½ per cent. These are English-speaking lands in which, if anywhere, the use of checks might be expected to have approached its limit. No such approach is observable in the United States or Canada, and the data for Australia are too meager to be considered representative.

In Continental Europe and Japan there is certainly no tendency to decrease. Here in the next few decades is a vast region for the extension of deposit banking. It would not be surprising if in Germany and other Continental countries the use of checks should soon reach the stage when every business man would begin to realize that he must employ them. When this feeling appears the use of checks will increase at an even more rapid rate than at present. At present the rate of increase in France is 7 per cent.; in Germany, 13 per cent.; Holland, 9 per cent.; Denmark, 10 per cent.; Norway, 8 per cent.; Sweden, 5½ per cent.; Switzerland, 5 per cent.; Russia, 2½ per cent.; Japan, 10 per cent.; the Austro-Hungarian Bank, 17 per cent. In backward India, where deposit banking has only just begun, the rate of increase is 9 per cent.; in Mexico, 11 per cent. At present the bank deposits of the United States exceed those of all other countries combined; but the deposits of Continental Europe and Japan will, in the future, cut more and more of a figure, and by the time—perhaps a generation hence—when their rate of increase begins to slacken, India and others of the (now) backward countries will need to be reckoned with.

We come next to the velocity or "activity" of deposits subject to check. In the United States this has shown a progressive tendency to increase. As those conditions—concentration of population in cities, rapid transportation, etc.—which tend to increase this velocity are constantly growing more pronounced throughout the world, we may expect it to increase for other countries also. The activity of deposits in cities varies almost exactly with the size of the cities, and the range of variation is surprisingly great. This exceeds one hundred times a year in Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, but is only sixteen times a year in New Haven, four times a year in Athens, Greece, and only once a year in Santa Barbara, California.

These results accord with the fact that the velocity of circulation of deposits in the United States has increased

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very substantially, while the concentration of population has been going on. During the last fifteen years it has risen from thirty-seven times a year to fifty times a year.

We have corroborative testimony in the statistics of clearing-houses. The rate at which these increase is a rough indication of the rate at which the use of checks increases. Clearings usually show a more rapid rate of increase than deposits. This indicates that the use of checks is increasing faster than the deposits against which they are drawn, which means that the activity of these deposits is increasing.

Finally we come to the volume of trade. This is the one factor which acts to restrain the rise of prices. The volume of trade will continue rapidly in the future as in the past, but so far as I know there is no evidence that it will expand any faster in the future than it has in the years which have just passed by; and no evidence that it will, as long as the present development of banking continues, outstrip the expansion of media of exchange. On the contrary, there is some reason to believe that trade, while it will continue to expand, will expand more slowly. The fuller occupation of our lands and the decrease in the rate of growth of our population, which is partly a consequence of this occupation and partly a consequence of the voluntary decrease in the birth-rate, will naturally tend to curb the rate of increase.

After a careful weighing of all the evidence available, I think it not improbable that money, its velocity, deposits, and their velocity will increase in the future as fast as or faster than in the past, but to be conservative I have reduced by one-half per cent. the estimates for the growth of money and deposits. On the other hand, the volume of trade does not seem likely to increase faster in the future than in the past.

The following estimates for the future rates of increase of the primary world factors in the problem seem, therefore, conservative:

Money, not less than 2 per cent. per annum.
Its velocity, not less than ½ per cent. per annum.
Deposits, not less than 6 per cent. per annum.
Their velocity, not less than 1½ per cent. per annum.
Trade, not more than 4½ per cent. per annum.

The further calculation results that the total use of money will grow at least as fast as 2½ per cent. per annum, and

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of checks 7½ per cent. Checks being much more important than money, it can be shown that the average growth of the combined facilities for buying goods (by both money and checks) will probably be *at least* 6½ per cent. per annum. As trade promises to grow *at most* only 4½ per cent. per annum I regard the difference 6½—4½, or 2 per cent., as a fairly safe minimum estimate for the future average annual expansion of the scale of prices, while, humanly speaking, I feel perfectly safe in predicting that the trend of prices for many years to come *will not be downward.* As already stated, this conclusion does not preclude, of course, the possibility or even probability of temporary recessions of prices like that following the crisis of 1907.

DISCUSSION

It has already been pointed out that the causes ordinarily supposed (with more or less truth) to be most responsible for the present high cost of living, such as the tariff, the trusts, the labor unions, the middleman's profits, advertising, wars, armaments, wastes in industries, etc., etc., can work out their effects on the *general* level of prices only through changes in the general factors which we have studied. But some of these causes, besides having these indirect influences on the *general* level or scale of prices, also directly affect *individual prices or groups of prices.* Thus the pressure of population on land has tended to make cattle-raising more difficult and so directly to increase the price of meat. Similar causes may tend to raise the prices of food products as a group. The prices of foods constitute, of course, a very important part of the cost of living. Yet a study of the actual statistics reveals the surprising fact that the general average rise in the price of food has little more than kept pace with the general average level of all prices. This fact and others make it clear that, in the main, the rise in "the cost of living" is not a rise peculiar to foods or other special items of domestic expenditure, but is merely a part of the general expansion which has been going on and is still to go on, due *primarily,* as has been explained, to gold inflation and the extension of banking.

I realize perfectly that this is a difficult conclusion for many people to accept; it is difficult to see the woods for the trees. Yet most of the common explanations of the rise of prices are so shallow that they merely need to be stated

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to be refuted. No explanation is sufficient which merely explains one price in terms of another price. For instance, to say that "prices" have gone up because "wages" have gone up is merely to say that the prices of *commodities* have risen because the price of *labor* has risen. It is no more satisfactory to turn it about and say that the price of *labor* has risen because of the higher prices of *food* which have driven workmen to strike for higher wages; or that the cost of finished products has risen because the cost of raw material has risen, or *vice versa*. These are examples of circular explanations well cartooned by the picture of a number of people standing in a circle and each accusing his neighbor; the consumer blaming the retailer, the retailer the middleman, the middleman the manufacturer, the manufacturer the producer, the producer the workman, the workman the trust, the trust the extravagant consumer, etc. Of course individual prices act and react on one another in thousands of ways. But these pushes and pulls between different commodities do not raise them all any more than pulling on our boot-straps will raise us from the ground. The causes which raise the general level of prices are as distinct from those which change individual prices as are the causes affecting the tides distinct from those affecting individual waves. The ground-swell or ocean tides of prices are primarily the result of inflation of some kind.

Every time that inflation of any kind has visited a country the public has to be educated as to how inflation works. Only recently has South America been going through the experiences of paper-money inflation such as are still fresh in the memory of those who lived through the Civil War. Fortunately for our present purpose, most Americans are at least aware of the fact that paper-money inflation actually raises prices. From paper-money inflation to gold inflation and from gold inflation to credit or check inflation are easy steps.

But what, it may be asked, is, after all, the harm in rising prices? Is not one price level as good as another? Undoubtedly one price level *is* as good as another, but in changing from one price level *to* another all contracts are interfered with as well as all other business arrangements expressed in money and prevented by law or custom from easy adjustment in the interim. A working-man who put one hundred dollars in the savings-bank fifteen years ago

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now finds that he has " accumulated " one hundred and fifty dollars, the fifty dollars being interest accrued. But this one hundred and fifty dollars, instead of being a *real* increase of fifty per cent.—as he has every right to expect and as would have been the case had his dollar remained constant in purchasing power—will now buy no more than the original hundred dollars. In other words, the fall in the purchasing power of money has in recent years subtly robbed all the savings-bank depositors of practically all their interest. Similarly, salaried men and wage-earners have been heavy losers. Losses of an opposite kind are experienced during a period of falling prices. Worst of all, great and general price changes cause uncertainty. Business is always injured by uncertainty, and uncertainty in the purchasing power of the dollar is the worst of all business uncertainties, though this is seldom appreciated. The fact that most people fondly believe that a " dollar is a dollar " merely shows that a dollar ought to be always the same. The dollar ought to be standardized just as the yard-stick has been standardized or any other unit or measure or weight employed in commerce.

As soon as the imperative need of standardizing the dollar as a protection to business is fully realized, there will doubtless be many other suggestions for coping with the problem of gold and credit inflation. This is one of a number of great problems which, it is hoped, may be considered by the much-needed International Conference on the High Cost of Living.

Irving Fisher.

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THE NEW VITALISM

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

If one attempts to reach any rational conclusion on the question which the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science discussed at the last meeting of that body—namely, the question of the nature and origin of life on this planet—he soon finds himself in close quarters with two difficulties. He must either admit of a break in the course of nature and the introduction of a new principle, the vital principle, which, if he is a man of science, he finds it hard to do; or he must accept the theory of the physico-chemical origin of life, which, as a being with a soul, he finds it equally hard to do. In other words, he must either draw an arbitrary line between the inorganic and the organic when he knows that arbitrary lines in nature, and fencing off one part from another, is an unscientific procedure, and one that often leads to bewildering contradictions; or he must look upon himself with all his high thoughts and aspirations, and upon all other manifestations of life, as merely a chance product of the blind mechanical and chemical action and interaction of the inorganic forces.

Either conclusion is distasteful. One does not like to think of himself as a chance hit of the irrational physical elements, as Professor Loeb apparently does;* neither does he feel at ease with the thought that he is the result of any break or discontinuity in natural law. He likes to see himself as vitally and inevitably related to the physical order, as is the fruit to the tree that bore it, or the child to the mother that carried it in her womb, and yet, if only mechanical and chemical forces entered into his genesis, he does not feel himself well fathered and authenticated.

One may evade the difficulty, as Helmholtz did, by regarding life as eternal—that it had no beginning in time; or, as

* See *The Mechanistic Conception of Life.*

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some other German biologists have done, that the entire cosmos is alive and the earth a living organism.

If biogenesis is true, and always has been true—no life without antecedent life—then the question of a beginning is unthinkable. It is just as easy to think of a stick with only one end.

Such stanch materialists and mechanists as Haeckel and Verworn seem to have felt compelled, as a last resort, to postulate a psychic principle in nature, though of a low order. Haeckel says that most chemists and physicists will not hear a word about a "soul" in the atom. "In my opinion, however," he says, "in order to explain the simplest physical and chemical processes, we must necessarily assume a low order of psychical activity among the homogeneous particles of plasm, rising a very little above that of the crystal." In crystallization he sees a low degree of sensation and a little higher degree in the plasm.

Have we not in this rudimentary psychic principle which Haeckel ascribes to the atom a germ to start with that will ultimately give us the mind of man? With this spark, it seems to me, we can kindle a flame that will consume Haeckel's whole mechanical theory of creation. Physical science is clear that the non-living or inorganic world was before the living or organic world, but that the latter in some mysterious way lay folded in the former. Science has for many years been making desperate efforts to awaken this slumbering life in its laboratories, but has not yet succeeded, and probably never will succeed. Life without antecedent life seems a biological impossibility. The theory of spontaneous generation is rejected by the philosophical mind, because our experience tells us that everything has its antecedent, and there is and can be no end to the causal sequences.

Spencer believes that the organic and inorganic fade into each other by insensible gradations—that no line can be drawn between them so that one can say, on this side is the organic, on that the inorganic. In other words, he says it is not necessary for us to think of an absolute commencement of organic life, or of a first organism—organic matter was not produced all at once, but was reached through steps or gradations. Yet it puzzles one to see how there can be any gradations or degrees between being and not-being. Can there be any half-way house between something and nothing?

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There is another way out of the difficulty that besets our rational faculties in their efforts to solve this question, and that is the audacious way of Henri Bergson in his *Creative Evolution*. It is to deny any validity to the conclusion of our logical faculties upon this subject. Our intellect, Bergson says, cannot grasp the true nature of life, nor the meaning of the evolutionary movement. With the emphasis of italics he repeats that "*the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life.*" He says this in a good many pages and in a good many different ways; the idea is one of the main theories of his book. Our intuitions, our spiritual nature, according to this philosopher, are more *en rapport* with the secrets of the creative energy than are our intellectual faculties; the key to the problem is to be found here, and not in the mechanics and chemistry of the latter. Our intellectual faculties can grasp the physical order because they are formed by a world of solids and fluids and give us the power to deal with them and act upon them. But they cannot grasp the nature and the meaning of the vital order.

"We treat the living like the lifeless, and think all reality, however fluid, under the form of the sharply defined solid. We are at ease only in the discontinuous, in the immobile, in the dead. Perceiving in an organism only parts external to parts, the understanding has the choice between two systems of explanation only: either to regard the infinitely complex (and thereby infinitely well contrived) organization as a fortuitous concatenation of atoms or to relate it to the incomprehensible influence of an external force that has grouped its elements together."

"Everything is obscure in the idea of creation, if we think of things which are created and a thing which creates." If we follow the lead of our logical, scientific faculties, then, we shall all be mechanists and materialists. Science can make no other solution of the problem because it sees from the outside. But if we look from the inside, with the spirit or "with that faculty of seeing which is immanent in the faculty of acting," we shall escape from the bondage of the mechanistic view into the freedom of the larger truth of the ceaseless creative view; we shall see the unity of the creative impulse which is immanent in life and which, "passing through generations, links individuals with individuals, species with species, and makes of the whole series of the living one single immense wave flowing over matter."

I recall that Tyndall, who was as much poet as scientist,

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speaks of life as a wave "which at no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles." In his more sober scientific mood Tyndall would doubtless have rejected M. Bergson's view of life, but his image of the wave is very Bergsonian. But what different meanings the two writers aim to convey: Tyndall is thinking of the fact that a living body is constantly taking up new material on the one side and dropping dead or outworn material on the other. M. Bergson's mind is occupied with the thought of the primal push or impulsion of matter which travels through it as the force in the wave traverses the water. The wave embodies a force which lifts the water up in opposition to its tendency to seek and keep a level, and travels on, leaving the water behind. So does this something we call life break the deadlock of inert matter and lift it into a thousand curious and beautiful forms, and then, passing on, lets it fall back again into a state of dead equilibrium.

Tyndall was one of the most eloquent exponents of the materialistic theory of the origin of life, and were he living now would probably feel little or no sympathy with the Bergsonian view of a primordial life impulse. He found the key to all life phenomena in the hidden world of molecular attraction and repulsion. He says:

"Molecular forces determine the form which the solar energy will assume. [What a world of mystery lies in that determinism of the hidden molecular forces!] In the separation of the carbon and oxygen this energy may be so conditioned as to result in one case in the formation of a cabbage and in another case in the formation of an oak. So also as regards the reunion of the carbon and the oxygen [in the animal organism], the molecular machinery through which the combining energy acts may in one case weave the texture of a frog, while in another it may weave the texture of a man."

But is not this molecular force itself a form of solar energy, and can it differ in kind from any other form of physical force? If molecular forces determine whether the solar energy shall weave a head of a cabbage or a head of a Plato or a Shakespeare, does it not meet all the requirements of our conception of creative will?

Tyndall thinks that a living man — Socrates, Aristotle, Goethe, Darwin, I suppose — could be produced directly from inorganic nature in the laboratory if (and note what a momentous "if" this is) we could put together the elements of such a man in the same relative positions as those

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which they occupy in his body, " with the selfsame forces and distribution of forces, the selfsame motions and distribution of motions." Do this, and you have a St. Paul or a Luther or a Lincoln. Dr. Verworn said essentially the same thing in a lecture before one of our colleges while in this country last year—easy enough to manufacture a living being of any order of intellect if you can reproduce in the laboratory his " internal and external *vital conditions.*" (The italics are mine.) Those vital conditions —" the mystery and the miracle of vitality " is where the rub comes. Those vital conditions, as regards the minutest bit of protoplasm, science, with all her tremendous resources, has not yet been able to produce. The raising of Lazarus from the dead seems no more a miracle than evoking these vital conditions in dead matter. External and internal vital conditions are no doubt inseparably correlated, and when we can produce them we shall have life. Life, says Verworn, is like fire, and " is a phenomenon of nature which appears as soon as the complex of its conditions is fulfilled." We can easily produce fire by mechanical and chemical means, but not life. Fire is a chemical process, it is rapid oxidation, and oxidation is a disintegrating process, while life is an integrating process, or a balance maintained between the two by what we call the vital force. Life is evidently a much higher form of molecular activity than combustion. The old Greek Heraclitus saw, and the modern scientist sees, very superficially in comparing the two.

I have no doubt that Huxley was right in his inference " that if the properties of matter result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, then there is no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules." It is undoubtedly in that nature and disposition of the biological molecules that the whole " mystery and miracle of vitality " is wrapped up. If we could only grasp what it is that transforms the molecule of dead matter into the living molecule! Pasteur called it " dissymmetric force," which is only a new name for the mystery. He believed there was an " irrefragable physical barrier between organic and inorganic nature "—that the molecules of an organism differed from those of a mineral, and for this difference he found a name.

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There seems to have been of late years a marked reaction, even among men of science, from the mechanistic conception of life as held by the band of scientists to which I have referred. Something like a new vitalism is making headway both on the Continent and in Great Britain. This neo-vitalism has found a forceful expounder in Professor Arthur Thompson, of Aberdeen University, who has recently written convincingly in favor of this view in the *Hibbert Journal*. Professor Bunge, Dr. Haldane, Dr. Driesch, whom he quotes, urge that biological problems "defy any attempt at a mechanical explanation." These men stand for the idea "of the creative individuality of organisms" and that the main factors in organic evolution cannot be accounted for by the forces already operative in the inorganic world. What standing the new vitalism has among the scientific men of this country I have little means of knowing. Judging from the attitude of Professor Loeb on the subject, one would say it had none at all. If I understand Professor Loeb, he urges that the origin of life was a mere chance hit on the part of nature—an accident in the blind clashing and jostling of the physical forces—as much so, I fancy he would say, as the carving out of a natural bridge by the action of water upon the rocks was accidental; the bridge might easily have failed; indeed, has failed in innumerable instances; and life, according to this theory, must have missed it any number of times.

There is, of course, a mathematical chance that in the endless changes and permutations of inert matter the four principal elements that make up a living body may fall or run together in just that order and number that the kindling of the flame of life requires, but it is a disquieting proposition. One atom too much or too little of any of them—three of oxygen where two were required, or two of nitrogen where only one was wanted—and the face of the world might have been vastly different. Not only did much depend on their coming together, but upon the order of their coming; they must unite in just such an order. Insinuate an atom or corpuscle of hydrogen or carbon at the wrong point in the ranks, and the trick is a failure.

When we regard all the phenomena of life and the spell it seems to put upon inert matter, so that it behaves so differently from the same matter before it is drawn into the life circuit, how it lifts up a world of dead particles out of the

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soil against gravity into trees and animals; how it changes the face of the earth; how it comes and goes while matter stays; how it defies chemistry and physics to evoke it from the non-living; how its departure, or cessation, lets the matter fall back to the inorganic—when we consider these and others like them we seem compelled to think of life as something, some force or principle in itself, as M. Bergson does, existing apart from the matter it animates. As Sir Oliver Lodge does also. We may class Sir Oliver among the neo-vitalists from a remark he is reported to have made recently about

"the thing which by interaction with matter confers on it what we know as vitality. . . . It does not appear to be a form of energy, but certainly is a guiding principle, utilizing the forces known to chemistry and physics and all the ordinary laws of nature for ends which appear to lie outside the known laws of the physical world."

Sir Oliver, famous physicist that he is, yet has a vein of mysticism and idealism in him which sometimes makes him recoil from the hard-and-fast interpretations of natural phenomena by physical science. Like M. Bergson, he sees in life some tendency or impetus which arose in matter at a definite time and place, "and which has continued to interact with and incarnate itself in matter ever since."

If a living body is a machine, then we behold a new kind of machine with new kinds of mechanical principles—a machine that repairs itself, that reproduces itself, a clock that winds itself up, an engine that stokes itself, a gun that aims itself, a machine that divides and makes two, two unite and make four, a million or more unite and make a man or a tree—a machine that is nine-tenths water, a machine that feeds on other machines; in fact, a machine that does all sorts of unmechanical things and that no known combination of mechanical and chemical principles can reproduce—a vital machine. The idea of the vital as something different from and opposed to the mechanical must come in. Something had to be added to the mechanical and chemical to make the vital.

Spencer explains in terms of physics why an ox is larger than a sheep, but he throws no light upon the subject of the individuality of these animals—what it is that makes an ox an ox or a sheep a sheep. These animals are built up out of the same elements by the same processes, and they may both have had the same stem form in remote biologic time.

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If so, what made them diverge and develop into such totally different forms? After the living body is once launched, many, if not all, of its operations and economies can be explained on principles of mechanics and chemistry, but the something that avails itself of these principles and develops an ox in the one case and a sheep in the other—what of that?

Spencer is forced into using the term "amount of vital capital." How much more of it some men, some animals, some plants have than others! What is it? What did Spencer mean by it? This capital augments from youth to manhood, and then after a short or long state of equilibrium slowly declines to the vanishing-point.

Again, what a man does depends upon what he is, and what he is depends upon what he does. Structure determines function, and function reacts upon structure. This interaction goes on throughout life; cause and effect interchange or play into each other's hands. The more power we spend within limits the more power we have. This is another respect in which life is utterly unmechanical. A machine does not grow stronger by use as our muscles do; it does not store up or conserve the energy it expends. The gun is weaker by every ball it hurls; not so the baseball pitcher; he is made stronger up to the limit of his capacity for strength.

It is plain enough that all living beings are machines in this respect—they are kept going by the reactions between their interior and their exterior; these reactions are either mechanical, as in flying, swimming, walking, and involve gravitation, or they are chemical and assimilative, as in breathing and eating. To that extent all living things are machines—some force exterior to themselves must aid in keeping them going; there is no spontaneous or uncaused movement in them; and yet what a difference between a machine and a living thing!

True it is that a man cannot live and function without heat and oxygen, nor long without food, and yet his relation to his medium and environment is as radically different from that of the steam-engine as it is possible to express. His driving-wheel, the heart, acts in response to some stimulus as truly as does the piston of the engine, and the principles involved in circulation are all mechanical; and yet the main thing is not mechanical, but vital. Analyze the vital activi-

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ties into principles of mechanics and of chemistry, if you will, yet there is something involved that is neither mechanical nor chemical, though it may be that only the imagination can grasp it.

The type that prints the book is set up and again distributed by a purely mechanical process, but that which the printed page signifies involves something not mechanical. The mechanical and chemical principles operative in men's bodies are all the same; the cell structure is the same, and yet behold the difference between men in size, in strength, in appearance, in temperament, in disposition, in capacities! All the processes of respiration, circulation, and nutrition in our bodies involve well-known mechanical principles, and the body is accurately described as a machine; and yet, if there were not something in it that transcends mechanics and chemistry, would you and I be here? A machine is the same whether it is in action or repose, but when a body ceases to live—that is, to function—it is not the same. It cannot be set going like a machine; the motor power has ceased to be. But if the life of the body were no more than the sum of the reactions existing between the body and the medium in which it lives, this were not so. A body lives as long as there is a proper renewal of the interior medium through exchanges with its environment.

Mechanical principles are operative in every part of the body—in the heart, in the arteries, in the limbs, in the joints, in the bowels, in the muscles; and chemical principles are operative in the lungs, in the stomach, in the liver, in the kidneys; but to all these things do we not have to add something that is not mechanical or chemical to make the man, to make the plant? A higher mechanics, a higher chemistry, if you prefer, a force, but a force differing in kind from the physical forces.

The forces of life are constructive forces, and work in a world of disintegrating or destructive forces which oppose them and which they overcome. The mechanical and the chemical forces of dead matter are the enemies of the forces of life till life overcomes and uses them; as much so as gravity, fire, frost, water are man's enemies till he has learned how to subdue and use them.

It is a significant fact that the four chief elements which in various combinations make up living bodies are by their extreme mobility well suited to their purpose. Three of

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these are gaseous; only the carbon is a solid. This renders them facile and adaptive in the ever-changing conditions of organic evolution. The solid carbon forms the vessel in which the precious essence of life is carried. Without carbon we should evaporate or flow away and escape. Much of the oxygen and hydrogen enters into living bodies as water; nine-tenths of the human body is water; a little nitrogen and a few mineral salts make up the rest. So that our life in its final elements is little more than a stream of water holding in solution carbonaceous and other matter, and flowing, forever flowing, a stream of fluid and solid matter plus something else that scientific analysis cannot reach—some force or principle that combines and organizes these elements into the living body.

If a man could be reduced instantly into his constituent elements, we should see a pail or two of turbid fluid that would flow down the bank and soon be lost in the soil. That which gives us our form and stability and prevents us from slowly spilling down the slope at all times is the mysterious vital principle or force which knits and marries these unstable elements together and raises up a mobile but more or less stable form out of the world of fluids. Venus rising from the sea is a symbol of the genesis of every living thing.

Inorganic matter seeks only rest. "Let me alone," it says; "do not break my slumbers." But as soon as life awakens in it, it says: "Give me room, get out of my way. Ceaseless activity, ceaseless change, a thousand new forms is what I crave." As soon as life enters matter, matter meets with a change of heart. It is lifted to another plane, the supermechanical plane; it behaves in a new way; from its movements being calculable they become incalculable. A straight line has direction, that is mechanics; what direction has the circle? That is life, a change of direction every instant. Life includes the mechanical and the chemical, but they do not include it. An aeroplane is built entirely on mechanical principles, but something not so built has to sit in it and guide it; in fact, had to build it and adjust it to its end.

Mechanical forces seek an equilibrium or a state of rest. The whole inorganic world under the influence of gravity would flow as water flows, if it could, till it reached a state of absolute repose. But vital forces struggle against a state of repose, which to them means death. They are vital

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by virtue of their tendency to resist the repose of inert matter; chemical activity disintegrates a stone or other metal, but the decay of organized matter is different in kind; living organisms decompose it and resolve it into its original compounds.

Vital connections and mechanical connections differ in kind. You can treat mechanical principles mathematically, but can you treat life mathematically? Will your formulas and equations apply here? You can figure out the eclipse of the sun and moon for centuries to come, but who can figure out the eclipses of nations or the overthrow of parties or the failures of great men? And it is not simply because the problem is so vastly more complex; it is because you are in a world where mathematical principles do not apply. Mechanical forces will determine the place and shape of every particle of inert matter any number of years or centuries hence, but they will not determine the place and condition of matter imbued with the principle of life.

We can graft living matter, we can even graft a part of one animal's body into another animal's body, but the mechanical union which we bring about must be changed into a vital union to be a success, the spirit of the body has to second our efforts. The same in grafting a tree or anything else, the mechanical union which we effect must become a vital union; and this will not take place without some degree of consanguinity, the live scion must be recognized and adapted by the stock in which we introduce it.

Living matter may be symbolized by a stream; it is ever and never the same; life is a constant becoming; our minds and our bodies are never the same at any two moments of time; life is ceaseless change. A machine is static, life is dynamic; it uses all mechanical and chemical principles, but it never rests with them, and is not summed up by them.

No doubt it is between the stable and the unstable condition of the molecules of matter that life is born. The static condition to which all things tend is death. Matter in an unstable condition tends either to explode or to grow or to disintegrate. So that an explosion bears some analogy to life, only it is quickly over and the static state of the elements is restored. Life is an infinitely slower explosion, or a prolonged explosion, during which some matter of the organism is being constantly burned up, and thus returned to a state of inorganic repose, while new matter is taken

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in and kindled and consumed by the fires of life. One can visualize all this and make it tangible to the intellect. Get your fire of life started and all is easy, but how to start it is the rub. Get your explosive compound, and something must break the deadlock of the elements before it will explode. So in life, what is it that sets up this slow, gentle explosion that makes the machinery of our vital economies go? That draws new matter into the vortex and casts the used-up material out—in short, that creates and keeps up the unstable condition, the seesaw upon which life depends? To enable the mind to grasp it we have to invent or posit some principle, call it the vital force, as so many have done and still do, or call it molecular force, as Tyndall does, or the power of God, as our orthodox brethren do, it matters not. We are on the border-land between the knowable and the unknowable, where the mind can take no further step. There is no life without carbon and oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, but there is a world of these elements without life. What must be added to them to set up the reaction we call life? Nothing that chemistry can disclose.

New tendencies and activities are set up among these elements, but the elements themselves are not changed; oxygen is still oxygen and carbon still carbon, yet behold the wonder of their new workmanship under the tutelage of life! Yet life is not a thing. It is our name for a tendency, a condition of matter—matter held in leash by something and striving to get free and return to the repose of the inorganic.

Life only appears when the stable passes into the unstable, yet this change takes place all about us in our laboratories, and no life appears. We can send an electric spark through a room full of oxygen and hydrogen gas, and with a tremendous explosion we have water—an element of life, but not life.

Some of the elements seem nearer life than others. Water is near life; heat, light, the colloid state are near life; osmosis, oxidation, chemical reactions are near life; the ashes of inorganic bodies are nearer life than the same minerals in the rocks and soil, but none of these things is life.

We may follow life down to the ground—yes, under the ground, into the very roots of matter and motion — yea, beyond the roots, into the imaginary world of molecules and atoms, and their attractions and repulsions—and not find its secret. Indeed, science—the new science—pursues

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matter to the vanishing-point, where it ceases to become matter and becomes pure force or spirit. What takes place in that imaginary world where ponderable matter ends and becomes disembodied force, and where the hypothetical atoms are no longer divisible, we may conjecture but may never know. We may fancy the infinitely little going through a cycle of evolution like that of the infinitely great, and solar systems developing and revolving inside of the ultimate atoms, but the Copernicus or the Laplace of the atomic astronomy has not yet appeared. The atom itself is an invention of science. To get the mystery of vitality reduced to the atom is getting it in very close quarters, but it is a very big mystery still. Just how the dead becomes alive, even in the atom, is mystery enough to stagger any scientific mind. It is not the volume of the change; it is the quality or kind. Chemistry and mechanics we have always known, and they always remain chemistry and mechanics. They go into our laboratories and through our devices chemistry and mechanics, and they come out chemistry and mechanics. They will never come out life, conjure with them as we will, and we can get no other result. We cannot inaugurate the mystic dance among the atoms that will give us the least throb of life.

The psychic arises out of the organic, and the organic arises out of the inorganic, and the inorganic arises out of —what? The relation of each to the other is as intimate as that of the soul to the body; we cannot get between them even in thought, but the difference is one of kind and not of degree. The vital transcends the mechanical, and the psychic transcends the vital—is on another plane, and yet without the sun's energy there could be neither. Thus are things knit together, thus does one thing flow out of or bloom out of another. We date from the rocks, and the rocks date from the fiery nebulæ, and the loom in which the texture of our lives was woven is the great loom of vital energy about us and in us; but what hand guided the shuttle and invented the pattern—who knows?

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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A NOTE ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

An interesting fact in contemporary literature, not only in America, is the tendency of poetry to take over without challenge the world that the realistic novel has during the last generations unfolded. The frail imitators of the great have made the wider world that the poet has generally claimed for himself seem artificial, nebulous, or stagey; and, as a result of the hue and cry that the poet come down from the clouds, the new poets have gone to the other extreme and promise now to prison themselves in city walls. The fever of realism—that mood of the modern creative mind in literature which asserts that fact, visible, tangible, and preferably seen through a microscope, is the only guide to Truth—is in their blood. For the moment nothing seems real to them but the City, the Age, even to their most superficial manifestations—air-ship, wireless, the lights of Broadway. Everything that has gone before seems stale and lifeless, and as they emerge from the past of the great dead poets into the present they feel (to quote an English periodical) "like a child attacked by the nausea of the nursery and who is caught smashing his toys." Emphatically he feels, I am become a man, and I have put away childish things.

The fallacy of this point of view seems patent. It is merely one more evidence of the impatience of men in seasons of great commercial activity with anything that they cannot immediately reach with their five senses. The socialistically minded student, in a composition course at Harvard, who considered the placing of Shakespeare above Jack London an instance of the arbitrary rule of established authority is characteristic. So also is the taboo against the teaching of Latin and Greek and the appreciation of art in minds that are unable to see any higher need in life than the need to be a success. These frills, they say, belong to

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the nursery of man; and we are grown and face to face with reality. This is the greatest age in the history of the world, they declare. Let the poet interpret that age. And since the city is the most characteristic expression of the age, let the poet sing of the city.

Whether this age is vastly more important than the age of Socrates and Plato, the age of Michael Angelo and Columbus, or the age of Augustus, Virgil, and the Christ is at least debatable; and men will differ in their opinion as they approach hopefully or skeptically the only legitimate claim of the age to greatness, its attempt to put into effect the proposition that the brotherhood of man can be attained by legislative programmes. But the greatness or littleness of the age is beside the point here. My contention is that a poet need not limit himself to-day, any more than in the time of Homer, to the stories and the background of his own age to speak to it truths which the man on the street will admit are vital, real. Unless he be a rare anachronism, he will express his age unconsciously, even though he sing of the Seven Buried Cities of Cibola. Every play of Sophocles spells Periclean Athens, as every play of Shakespeare fairly shouts Elizabethan England, though the people of the one moved in prehistoric Greece and Asia Minor and those of the other wrought out the drama of their lives in impossible Bermudas and Bohemias. The poet may sing of Tom, Dick, or Ulysses. Each is a symbol, and one is no less real than the others.

Matthew Arnold, in a preface to his *Poems*, published in 1853, protests vigorously against the limitation of poetic material by those writers who cherish "a belief in the pre-eminent importance and greatness of their own times." He says:

"The ancients do not talk of their mission, nor of interpreting their age, nor of the coming poet; all this, they know, is the mere delirium of vanity. Their business is not to praise their age, but to afford to the men who live in it the highest pleasure which they are capable of feeling."

He quotes a sentence from a contemporary *Spectator:*

"The poet who would really fix the public attention must leave the exhausted past" (how familiarly that strikes on the ear!) "and draw his subjects from matters of present import, and *therefore* both of interest and novelty."

Arnold replies:

"The modernness or antiquity of an action has nothing to do with its

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fitness for poetical representation; this depends upon its inherent qualities. To the elementary part of our natures, to our passions, that which is great and passionate is eternally interesting; and interesting solely in proportion to its greatness and to its passion. A great human action of a thousand years ago is more interesting to it than a smaller action of to-day, even though upon the representation of this last the most consummate skill may have been expended, and though it has the advantage of appealing, by its modern language, familiar manners, and contemporary allusions, to all our transient feelings and interests. These, however, have no right to demand of a poetical work that it shall satisfy them; their claims are to be directed elsewhere. Poetical works belong to the domain of our permanent passions: let them interest these and the voice of all subordinate claims upon them is at once silenced."

We must, indeed, get over the notion that time and space are of such importance, not because ships of the air or the ocean are shortening the journey between Liverpool and Java, but because we discover new instances almost daily of the inexplicable influence of mind on mind over extraordinary distances. The negligibility of space in the consideration of human characteristics has long been proverbial in that dearest of platitudes, that people are the same the world over. And, petty matters of custom and hereditary point of view aside, I humbly affirm that they are. That is, the same emotions move man in Boston and in Somaliland; here more, there less. The same deficiencies trip him up—instinctive laziness, selfishness, the desire to shine in fine feathers or fine words. And as with space so with time. Each human being is a symbol for all. Up speaks a forgotten triumvir of Rome or obscure prince of Denmark and behold! "you and I and Anderson" say in our hearts, "That is I." The literature of the world is a prophecy of the brotherhood of man. It is more than that. It is the proof. Becky Sharp, Macbeth, La Pia, Hector, are not obviously similar, but they are all the children of the same parents. Put them in a room together and they will have no trouble in making themselves understood to one another; they will fraternize, without doubt. But most of us, with our starved imaginations, shrink from contact with the denizens of worlds removed from ours by miles or the years. It might be enlightening if our ubiquitous statisticians could tell us how many millions of Americans, educated as far as the ability to gain a bachelor's degree is concerned, still believe the Frenchman an immoral frog-eater, the Italian a cloaked bandit with a knife (or a digger of ditches), and

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Pericles a stone man in a toga. We distrust the hordes who yearly fling themselves on our shores from the shipwrecks oversea, because we choose to remain ignorant of the forces of good and evil that have made them what they are; in the same manner we distrust the people of a century other than our own, sentimentalize them, misconceive them in a thousand ways, and then give them the cold shoulder because they seem unreal. They are "furriners," alien presences in our little world.

And how small this world of our imaginations is! The age admittedly seems to express itself most vividly in the city; and the novelists and playwrights, one of whose functions it certainly is to be the historians of the common life of the times, naturally have drawn most heavily on the city for their material. And they have reproduced the city line for line, horror for horror. But they have not thereby made life any more lofty, more bearable in pain, more alluring in the calm balance of passions that is the essence of true happiness. They have told of the sordidness of the city, of its cruelty, its Polyphemus maw; told it as a sociologist might. The beauty they have not shown, or shown only rarely; the true function of the artist they have missed. For the artist campaigns not against ugliness; rather he fills the spirit of man with beauty, making each individual who comes under its power so divinely discontent with anything that is unlike it that he removes it as he removes an object that offends his senses. It is a platitude that in the realistic novel you cannot see the woods for the trees—that is, you lose sight of the eternal laws in an orgy of detail. The result of this has been that the man of today has been a part of the grinding machinery of this vast Success Factory, the life of twentieth-century America, not only in his working-hours, but in his hours of recreation, seeking new worlds, he has been flung back upon his own. We scoff at the "tired business man" who supports the musical comedy and the cheap novel, but at best and worst he is only seeking that world of elemental emotions unfettered by details of every-day life which the dramatist and the poet should but do not give; or that expansion of horizon which means not escape from life, but enlargement of life, mountain air, a fresh outlook. Like our architects, novelist and playwright have delved deep and built high, but the structure is too often ungainly; and the view from

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the top, though at times overpowering, covers after all only a hundred-odd miles. It is well for man to know that the oak is potentially in the acorn and to contemplate the diminutive trunk and branches therein; but he should not cease regarding the oak on the hill because he has an acorn on his desk. Yet this is precisely what the new poetry of the city is in danger of doing. It declares: "This is your world—a series of long avenues, a greater series of shorter cross streets, from the Battery to the Bronx. All creation is reflected in it; it is throbbing with life and energy; it is poetic, it is beautiful. Above all, it is real." In a sense, this is all true. Let me not be misunderstood. The city is a world offering the poet much material and much color. But I say this world is too small. No man's circle of vision should be bounded by three rivers and a bay, by 1911 and 1913. There is still the rest of America and there are Iceland and Brazil and the Midway Islands of the Pacific, where on a barren sand-dune twenty-three mortals watch over a ticking instrument and wait three months for the mail. And there is always the shining country of the past.

With what distrust nowadays we pick up a poetic drama or narrative poem that goes to Thebes or Montsalvat for its theme! We say the author is trying to escape from life, is merely imitating, is pretentious—in a word, is playing truant in the swimming-hole when he should be solving problems on the school bench. Those poets are responsible for this distrust of ours who saw the past as a romantic dreamland, as Tennyson saw Camelot, and the German Romanticists the Middle Ages; or as a quarry for statuary as too many poets have seen Greece and Rome; instead of a region of jumbled heroisms and vulgarities, as Shaw has pointed out, only superficially dissimilar from our own. So we shut ourselves on this narrow isthmus we call To-day, dissect and analyze ourselves and our neighbors, see the past mistily through smoked, the future through rosy glasses, and call ourselves children of progress.

One wonders, heretically, whether we enlightened folk of nowadays are not actually of narrower outlook than the poor devils who lived, not unhappily, it appears, in the isolation of medieval castles. I more than half suspect that it is so. Dreamers that they were, they dreamt so vividly in all directions at once, past, present, and future. The world they created for themselves was blurred and vague in

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all conscience, but at least it was large, for it did not stop this side of either Cocytus or the Primum Mobile. Science has robbed us largely of the fear of brimstone and pronged imps, as well as of the expectation of pearls and golden halls; and realism, salutary as it has been, has too long penned us within the straight walls of the actual and immediate. All the things the extollers of the age make so much ado about—steel and electricity, the fine buildings, the automobiles—are so obviously unimportant, ephemeral, and, in the word's highest sense, unreal, that it seems outrageously trite to remark it. They are there merely for the comfort of the body, like political Socialism; but the body is only the *pou sto*, the diving-board for the soul. It is good to keep it in trim.

Materialistic, too, and ephemeral, tied with iron bands to place and hour, are the social agitations that clutch the sympathies of so many modern poets and enslave their imaginations. American poets bother too much with "social reform and what not," says Ione Noguchi from the serene Fujiyama of his Oriental mind. Certainly Social Reform is matter for sociology or any other science that deals with the passing manifestations of life, not for poetry. The problems of one generation in so far as they deal with classes are not the problems of the next. There are constant readjustments, new difficulties, new solutions; and sociological poetry is at best only journalism set in alcohol to last ten years instead of one day. For poetry deals not in problems and theories; nor with classes or society. It deals with the individual, and his relations to other individuals as individuals, not as types; and it does so, not arbitrarily with high-handed notions of Art for Art's sake, but because the poet knows that Social Reform is only a stop-gap. Mankind will be bettered physically, without doubt, by better housing, juster distribution of wealth. But spiritually it will grow only as each individual recognizes in himself the significance of order, nobility, and beauty. These can be awakened only by a wide and deep individual experience of living, enlarged and enriched by that communion with the guiding forces of life which we call, according to our temperament, religion or art. And, when awakened, only religion or art can nurture them, in the soul of the individual, to the point at which they become creative forces in themselves. Social Reform can co-operate with

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the artist, can give mankind its sorely needed leisure for self-development; but the artist must go his own way, a citizen of eternity, leaving the sociologist to his own actualities, while he manifests in flesh and blood those things which to him are eternally real. For art, at its best, is not an escape from life nor a criticism of life, but an expansion of life into regions which ordinary human experience cannot otherwise reach. Such an expansion the great epics and sagas give us; sculpture and painting and music no less; and in English literature such single poems taken almost at random, as "Chevy Chase," "Hamlet," "The Daffodils," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Skylark," "My Last Duchess."

I plead, then, for a larger world than this bit of earth we tramp over daily with our feet, we embrace hourly with our talk of politics, economics, class struggle — a larger world for the poet to give, the reader to welcome. Let poetry not fetter itself at the beginning of its new life with the fetish of realism. Realism, like the microscope whose obedient son it is, has opened up new regions for exploration, and poetry should gratefully accept them, not thereby, however, discarding its old world. The craving for reality, which underlies the pen trick of realism, should widen the poet's vision; so far it has only narrowed it. The intense human sympathy which is the dominant passion in all modern fiction should exhibit itself in the poet of to-morrow, not only as a sympathetic understanding of the oppressed, but also of the oppressor, as in much of Galsworthy; not only in a glorification of to-day, but also in a revitalizing of yesterday. I believe that the passion for reality is the greatest impulse that has entered literature since some one in the eighteenth century discovered Nature, but this enthusiasm will have lasting results, of course, only in so far as writers emancipate themselves from the tradition of realism. The more men bother about the ephemera of life the farther they get away from the fundamentals.

I plead, therefore, for the casting aside or minimizing of inessentials in the poetry that is to be, the merely local suits and trappings that appear to make of us a different breed from our ancestors and only obscure the simple truths of being. Poetry should not make idols of things that are unimportant, or seek inspiration in a progress that is flaunting and treacherous. There is nobility and fine courage in

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the poet's firm-jawed determination to find the poetry of the city and lay it bare, but there is too much of strain in it. He is delving again, and we have had too much delving in novel and drama. Says Poe in the "Letter to B——":

"As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought, not in the palpable palaces where she is found. Witness the principles of our divine faith, that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man."

And he adds, taking a star for an example:

"He who regards it directly sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray, while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below—its brilliancy and its beauty."

It is the poet's function to soar and to pluck up his poetry where he finds it, like a gull a herring. Let us range abroad again. The world needs a new romantic revival; not a revival of slithering balderdash, but a pushing out of walls, of horizons. By no means shall poetry flee back to caves and fairy groves (except to examine them on its explorings of Creation for any signs of life that may yet be in them); but it shall, I say, strive to see life as a whole, not merely as a city or as an age.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.

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AMERICAN NAVAL GUNNERY—PAST AND PRESENT

BY ROBERT W. NEESER

"If I were asked by any admiral or captain what, in my opinion, is the highest duty in the training of seamen nowadays, I would say, 'Gunnery, gunnery, gunnery.'"—Lord SELBORNE.

NEVER before in the history of the world have there been such extensive preparations for war. Every nation appears to have profited by the lessons which history has already so often taught: that the naval greatness of a country depends principally upon the manner in which its forces are trained. Spain, Holland, France, Italy, and Russia successively lost the command of the sea because they had not taken sufficient measures beforehand. How important then that preparation! But it must ever be borne in mind that this preparation is for war, and war only, and that its ultimate object is that the ships may be properly maintained and fully manned by efficiently trained crews. Little will it avail a nation to have the most powerful war-ships afloat unless it has taught its seamen the art of using them and their weapons to the best advantage.

From the very beginning the gun has been the decisive weapon in naval battles. An effective and accurate gunfire has ever been an overwhelming advantage, yet there is almost immemorial prejudice in the minds of the majority of naval officers against gunnery. One can hardly understand it. Many a writer has told us of the sailor's fondness for his gun; how he petted and polished it. Very likely here was the explanation. So much time was spent petting and polishing that none was left for putting it to the use it was meant for. That was one reason for our successes in the War of 1812. Polishing guns had been the chief occupation of the English, whereas our ships had learned how

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to use theirs. And yet the English (with one exception, Captain Broke of the *Shannon*) appeared ignorant of the secret of their adversary's superiority. "The fact seems to be but too clearly established," said the London *Times* on October 22, 1813, "that the Americans have some superior mode of firing; and we cannot be too anxiously employed in discovering to what circumstances that superiority is owing." Were you to ask of any naval officer what that circumstance was he would without hesitation answer: "Gunnery, gunnery, gunnery."

Early in its career the American navy made good use of this maxim and thus prepared itself in time for future action. The first reference of "Employ'd Exercising ye Guns & Clearing Ship" is found entered, on March 19, 1776, in the log-book of the *Andrew Doria,* one of our first cruisers to get to sea. Many times since then is that statement to be found. Its frequent repetition proves that, for many years at least, the importance of using the guns was recognized. And what proficiency was obtained! The log-book of the frigate *Constitution* tells us that during the attack on Tripoli she gave the batteries eleven broadsides of round and doublehead from her larboard guns in forty minutes. Such rapid firing is astonishing when we consider the weapons then used. A visit to the *Constitution* at Boston or to the *Victory* at Portsmouth, England, impresses this fact all the more deeply. Mounted on heavy and clumsy wooden carriages, the guns had to be trained with handspikes and side tackles and elevated by means of quoins. It took fourteen men to handle a long 32-pounder.

From the time that great guns first began to be used until very recently, the weapons were so weak that the ranges at which battles were fought were necessarily very short and the accuracy required to make hits not great. In those days it was a question of yardarm to yardarm, hard pounding at close quarters, when ships fired broadsides into each other at point-blank range or less. The guns were fired at long intervals, and the ammunition had to be brought up three decks sometimes by the powder-monkeys. But these were not the only handicaps that officers and men had to contend with. The question of sighting the guns was a grave one. Until the early part of the last century the method of doing this was of the most rough-and-ready description, and when shots struck the mark, unless the range

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was very close, it was a matter of chance pure and simple. The only method of aiming then provided was known as the "line of metal" and consisted in running the eye along the exterior of the gun, parallel to the center of the bore, until it reached the object—some allowance being, of course, made for the inclination of that line to the axis of the bore, due to the metal being thicker at the breech than at the muzzle. The sights first used, if they could be called sights at all, were quarter-sight scales engraved on the sides of the base ring; at best these gave very poor results. "Yet why use sights at all?" asked naval officers of that day. As great a man as Lord Nelson objected to their introduction. "As to the plan for pointing a gun truer than we do at present," he wrote, "I shall, of course, look at it, or be happy, if necessary, to use it; but I hope we shall be able, as usual, to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss the object."

Could a better reason have been given? With crude weapons had they not already succeeded? Why, then, introduce innovations which no one needed or wanted? The seaman of that day was expert in estimating distances; why encumber him with artificial means of doubtful value? The "nautical eye" had already proved a factor of no small importance in naval engagements. But sometimes the method was still more scientific. Continued practice had taught the men that at a thousand yards or over all the men on an enemy's decks looked alike; that at eight hundred yards they could distinguish a man from an officer; at six hundred yards they could make out a pair of well-developed side-whiskers; while at four hundred yards they could hear the men swearing; and so on down until the range at which they could see the whites of their eyes.

The close of the War of 1812 found the United States in possession of a large and highly efficient naval force, elated at its success and in a state of morale seldom equaled. Then followed a long period of peace during which the navy's sole employment was chasing pirates and slavers and cruising on foreign stations to display the flag. Gunnery and target practice came to be overlooked more and more, until they were neglected altogether. There was no need for gunnery; why, then, bother with it? Great-gun exercise from a daily duty degenerated to one held only "at one time and another" and then was "performed in full

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dress, with cocked hat and sword, as a voluntary tribute to so grand an occasion." What an inspiring sight this must have been! Much more so than with the men stripped to the waist. And a few years later we hear of elaborate preparations being made for target practice on the ship-of-the-line *Columbus,* when her guns were fired for the first time, although she had been in commission twelve months. Captain William H. Parker, in his *Recollections,* wrote:

"I well remember the preparations for it; it took so long to get ready for the great event that we seemed to require a resting spell of six months before we tried it again. We were great in running the guns in and out rapidly, but some parts of the 'manual' would strike an officer of these days as very ridiculous; for instance, after the guns were pointed, the orders were very slowly and deliberately, 'Handle your match and lock-string,' 'Cock your lock,' 'Blow your match,' 'Stand by'—'Fire'; and if the ship did not remain stationary all this time it was not our fault."

About this time shell-guns were introduced into the navy for general use. Years before, in 1812, howitzers for firing shells at long range had been invented by Colonel Bomford. But their use had been discontinued after the war, and it was not until about 1839 or 1840 that these "novelties" were again used. Naval officers regarded them with suspicion; the shells they fired were a source of constant discussion. Captain Parker tells us that "they were kept in the shell-rooms and no one was allowed even to look at them; it seemed to be a question with the division officers whether the fuse went in first or the sabot; or whether the fuse should be ignited before putting the shell in the gun or not. However, we used to fire them off, though I cannot say that I ever saw them hit anything."

The Mexican War taught the service a great deal about gunnery. What it did not learn then it learned later during the Civil War, when greater strides were made in four years than in the eighty that had preceded. But in the mean time, after the close of hostilities in 1848, officers and men fell into the old rut and absolutely neglected the lessons so recently taught. Target-firing became but a tradition and gunnery a simple divisional exercise of running the guns in and out. One ship cruised for three years without firing a gun, except for saluting. It is not surprising, then, to hear how ignorant ships' companies became in the art of using their weapons. "Shells," wrote one officer in 1850,

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" are a mystery which it is supposed will be explained some of these days. In the mean time poor Jack looks upon them with a mixture of fear and awe, and a lieutenant not very long ago asked me privately what composition was inside to cause the explosion."

In the mean time, however, a few energetic officers, among whom Commander John A. Dahlgren was conspicuous, had turned their efforts toward modernizing the armaments of our ships of war, which then were far behind those of the maritime nations of Europe. The Dahlgren gun, our first production, attracted much attention both at home and abroad, and in 1857 Congress made an appropriation for the fitting of the sloop *Plymouth* as an ordnance ship for testing heavy shell and pivot guns. This was a great step in the right direction and gave results which only the most sanguine could have hoped for.

The story of our navy's gunnery during the Civil War is too well known to need repetition. No neglect of it was possible during those years. And no one certainly omitted this form of exercise. Only one case need be mentioned as an example—that of the *Kearsarge,* which is known to have held target practice repeatedly and on one occasion, only two months before her action with the *Alabama,* fired thirty-five shots at an improvised target.*

But after the Civil War gunnery in the navy again ran down until it came to be regarded as of little or no importance. True, the Regulations called for an annual expenditure of ammunition. But target practice was mere drudgery and no interest was taken in its results. It only dirtied the decks, blackened the paint-work, and was a general nuisance, which, when over, all were heartily glad to be rid of. Besides, there was little incentive for improvement. Years after the war we had the same old ships, the same old guns, and the same old way of using them. Guns were fitted with the same old open bar sights we had always used, while gun crews were trained in the same old way of firing on

* The rapidity of fire of naval guns, interesting at all times, is especially so during this period. With a well-drilled crew, we are told, a 9-inch smooth-bore could be loaded with an average time between fires of forty-three seconds; and the sloop-of-war *Cumberland* on a calm day is said to have averaged seven rounds per gun from her main-deck battery in fifteen minutes, though firing at a target placed to windward, and consequently obscured by the smoke from the guns.

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the " weather roll." The same unsatisfactory target, which had been in vogue for years and continued in favor until 1902, was still used, with results all but useless. It consisted of a small triangular sail which was the " bull's-eye " of an imaginary target 100 feet by 25 feet. Target practice was a farcical proceeding, as we can imagine, and one in which guesswork was a chief factor. Any shot that came within a measurable distance was counted as a hit, for it was estimated that had a ship been there she would have been struck. In fact, the men were not much encouraged to hit the target, as it only caused delay.

But we were not the only ones in this state of stupor. The English also were blundering along in this manner. Mr. Lionel Yexley, who served in the British navy, has given us a vivid picture of its condition at this period. He tells us that his knowledge of naval gunnery was confined to polishing two iron slides of a 64-pounder, and his professional knowledge as a seaman to polishing the brasswork on the fore bitts, and that during one target practice when a gun captain put two shots in succession through the target all hands were spellbound by such remarkable shooting, but when with the next round he knocked away one of the poles supporting the canvas the officer in charge was heard to exclaim: " What is the fool doing? Does he want to keep us out here all day?"

With the appointment of Rear-Admiral Francis M. Bunce to the command of our North Atlantic Squadron in 1896, however, a new system of shooting was inaugurated which proved of immense value to the service and to which many have ascribed the success of a few years later. The old triangular targets were still used, but pains were taken to find out where the shot really struck, and days, instead of only hours, as heretofore, were spent on the ranges until the results desired were obtained. Then came the war with Spain and with it the real test of the ability of our gunners to hit a real target under all conditions. We went into hysterics over Manila and after Santiago our enthusiasm knew no bounds. Criticism of our victorious fleet would never have been tolerated and at the time was not thought of. But after a little while we began to investigate the question; then we realized that we were not wonderful, after all. The Spanish fire had been so excessively bad that we shone by contrast. The disappointing results, how-

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ever, were not all due to a bad system of training or neglect. Some authorities agree that no circumstances could be conceived where wild firing could be more certainly provoked than those which the American fleet encountered at Santiago. Moreover, "groaning, lurching complications" (as one writer termed them) had to be contended with; the gun sights were improperly made and not of the best for long ranges, the elevating gear of the mounts was poor, and innumerable other defects existed which caused a handicap not easily overcome.

Then came the great change. Criticisms that had been pouring in at last were heeded and steps taken to better the results. To be convinced that things were really as bad as they were made out to be an official test was ordered. The battle-ships of the North Atlantic Squadron steamed past an old, condemned light-ship and poured broadside after broadside at the poor hulk. But she survived the ordeal unscathed, until, in desperation, the range was closed to 2,000 yards and three hits were registered. Something was the matter—and before long it was realized that, though a conscientious and careful system of training had been followed, it had been in the wrong direction.

The credit for our high records of to-day has been ascribed almost unanimously to the system inaugurated by an officer of the British navy. But it appears that the rejuvenation of American naval gunnery really began long before then—in 1892 on board the gunboat *Yorktown,* when the telescopic sight was first used. Its lessons, however, were not sufficiently appreciated by the service and the administration until years later, when actual facts brought us to our senses. It was simply a question of adopting new methods. Admiral Evans tells us how this came about during the years 1902–1903, when he commanded the Asiatic station. A most unsatisfactory condition of affairs existed. Breech-blocks jammed, training-gears were in such condition that keeping on the target was out of the question, the sights so defective that they were utterly useless, and the men could not shoot straight. Every attention was given to these matters and before long the Admiral was able to report everything "shipshape." But these were not the only details remedied. The present system of training was carefully studied by a number of officers, and from their efforts resulted those three secrets of success: the "ping-pong" machine, the "dotter,"

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and the "dummy loading-machine." Never before had there been such an era of gunnery training as now set in. Every one went ping-pong mad—and to the continuance of that feeling are due our results of to-day.

All relics of the old system were now abandoned. By means of the ping-pong and the dotter* gun-pointers were taught the secret of continuous aim and of "keeping on the target," whether the ship rolled and pitched or not. The men without exception seemed to prefer the ping-pong device, which fired shots from a small rifle fixed to the guns, because they liked to hear the noise and see the holes made by the bullets, whereas the "dotter" made only a pencil mark which they could not see, but which has since proved to be much more accurate. An additional incentive was also found in the use of the dummy drill-gun,† a device by means of which the crews became expert in the handling of shells and powder-bags and at which they were now continuously exercised; such practice formerly had not been possible owing to the danger of wearing out the breech-blocks of the guns.

Surprising scores almost immediately began to be made at target practice, and an enthusiasm aroused among officers and men that needed no further encouragement. Whereas, in 1901, a 13-inch gun was allowed five minutes and twenty seconds between shots, two years later one turret-gun of that caliber on board the *Indiana* scored four hits in this time. The *Alabama* did even better with fifteen hits out of sixteen shots fired at an average time of one shot per minute. And a year ago, during elementary practice, the 12-inch guns of one of the *South Carolina's* turrets made the phenomenal record of sixteen hits out of sixteen shots in four minutes and thirty-one seconds. Such figures seem almost inconceivable to the uninitiated and would have been thought preposterous by navy men a decade ago. And

* These are ingenious devices attached to the guns; a small target aimed at by the pointer through the telescope simulates the action of a moving ship—the roll, pitch, etc.; every time the trigger is pressed a pencil or needle point (in the ping-pong machine a bullet) registers the accuracy of the aim; continuous practice may thus be held at no expense. Lewal, writing in 1863, describes devices such as these then in use in the English and French navies for the training of gun-pointers.

† The dummy drill-gun is a facsimile of the breech and powder chamber of a gun up to the point where the rifling begins, and loading it requires motions identical to those employed in loading and firing the real weapons.

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yet all this has been accomplished in that short time in actual results, because the crews were trained and target practice was held in the right way.

It is during this latter exercise that the results of months of work are seen. Each gun crew, primed for the test, has this one opportunity of making good, with the eyes of the navy upon it. People may cry against the annual expenditure of such large sums of money for this purpose, but it is a necessity. Well as our men may be trained with ping-pong and dotter, their nerves are in no way affected when they fire the small cartridge of the former or press the trigger of the latter. But when the act of pulling that trigger causes a loud explosion and violent recoil of the guns, men's nerves, if unpractised, are so highly strung that the results are unsatisfactory. Target practice, therefore, must be held.

But what do they really do at target practice? A small paragraph may, perhaps, appear in the paper telling of the noise, the splashes, and the smoke, but not a word of the ranges, the records, or the scores made. And why? Because practically all that takes place during those weeks is a secret which every nation guards most carefully.

Twice annually our fleets hold target practice; in the spring and fall. The first, called elementary or record practice, has for its object the qualifying of pointers to shoot in battle practice, which comes next. In other words, the officers find out the men who can shoot the best and these are trained for the real work later on. The firing is conducted in the most careful manner. The ship is run over a specified course, with the distance from the target varying from about 1,600 to 2,000 yards. At a given signal the guns open fire, but only one at a time, each pointer firing a certain number of shots and each at his own target. Thus is a proper test obtained and the qualifications of the men known. Then after more months of training follows battle practice, in which it is seen what the ships can do against targets representing an enemy under actual battle conditions. The rules are very exacting; the firing ship knows neither the course nor the speed of the target nor the range, which has to be determined as in time of war, while the weather conditions must be taken as they come on the day appointed. Every one from the admiral down has his share of responsibility. However good the gunner may be, unless he has an admiral or captain who can put him in the

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right place at the right time, good shooting will not avail much. Target practice is meant to teach not only the men how to shoot, but also the officers how to bring their ships into position, how to keep them there, and how to help the pointers in every way possible. It marks the culmination of months of training and work not only in gunnery, but in engineering, navigation, and fire control. The secret of success depends not on one alone, but on all equally and jointly.

Let us for a moment imagine ourselves on board a battleship at target practice; on board that grim vessel of war cleared for action. Everything on deck has been removed —stanchions, davits, and railings—boats hoisted on the upper deck, dead-lights boarded over, and ventilators taken down. Battle ports are tightly shut and everything movable down below has been stored away—electric fans and lights, wash-bowls, looking-glasses, pictures, and china all laid in a store-room out of harm's way. As the ship nears the range the alarm gongs ring, sounding general quarters; bugles call officers and men to their stations. Every one drops what he is doing and rushes to his place. All seems confusion, but it is only an orderly confusion in which each one knows exactly what he is to do. Then with all in readiness you await the anxious moment. The whistle blows and the work begins.

You are inside that low, cramped chamber, called a turret, standing in the narrow passage, not two feet away from one of the 12-inch guns. It is the only place where you can be without interfering with every one. About you in the dim light of the battle-lanterns you see the gun crew. Joking, but talking in whispers, they do not appear nervous or anxious about the test that is to begin. You feel the massive turret revolving slowly and smoothly beneath you, but see nothing outside. Eleven inches of steel are between you and daylight.

At the word of command from the quiet-voiced officer in charge all is action, but no confusion, no hurry. Metallic rumbling sounds from the depths of the ship announce that the shells and powder-bags are being loaded upon the car; the trap-door to the handling-room opens its steel jaws as the ammunition-car rushes up into place before the breech of the gun, which has meanwhile been opened. In go the 860-pound shell and the 320 pounds of powder. The breech is shut, the car has disappeared below, the shutter is again

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closed, and the big piece is ready. All so quickly that you instinctively look at your watch to see whether they have made a new record. You hear a dull roar—it takes you by surprise, not expecting it so soon—you feel the turret swerve to one side, see the gun leap back in recoil and instantly go back into battery, hear a whirring sound as the compressed air expels the burning gases through the muzzle—then all is action again. So easy, you think, mere child's play. But it is a skill that comes only after months and months of hard, conscientious training.

As the gun goes off you do not feel much of the tearing displacement of air outside, the "blast"; the steel wall of the turret protects you from the results of the explosion of all that powder. But it is on deck that you get the full benefit of all that you cannot see or feel inside. You strain your eyes, keeping them on the muzzle as you watch for the blast. Will it never come? you ask yourself. But it does come and always when you least expect it. The white flame appears brighter than anything you have ever seen; a tremendous cloud of yellow gas* rushes out of the muzzle and the roar shocks you. With good glasses you can readily pick up the shell, follow it right along through the air, and see it pierce the target screen. An enormous geyser hundreds of feet high leaps into the air. Then another and another as the shell ricochets, and each, miles farther away.

With it all comes a peculiar roar. It sounds more like the rush of an express-train as it dashes in and out of tunnels and up and down valleys. And before you have lost sight of it comes another flame, another deafening roar, more geysers—and so it goes until the whistle blows the "Cease firing!" and it is all over.

Then the ship swings around, the gun crews pour out of the tops of the turrets and crowd to the rail to see what

* One is naturally astonished that smokeless powder should produce so much smoke. But the powder charge proper is really smokeless; the smoke produced comes only from the ignition charge, which is indispensable, owing to the lack of inflammability of smokeless powder. Fourteen pounds of powder are required for the ignition charge of a 13-inch gun. The smoke is therefore considerable, but it is so mixed with the large volume of colorless gas that it dissipates readily enough. A point four miles distant is visible in five seconds after the firing of a 13-inch gun, whereas with brown powder the time taken was twenty-five seconds. This is in calm weather; in a breeze the five seconds would be considerably lessened.

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they have done. A mighty cheer goes up when the good news is known—then the ship resumes her place in line and the next one fires in her turn.

Day firing is glorious, but it is nothing compared with night target practice with the torpedo defense batteries. The method of holding it is the same, except that the targets are illuminated by search-lights from the firing ships. It is a beautiful scene. The beams of the search-lights and the flight of the "tracers" present a spectacle you have never dreamed of before. The idea of using tracers seems to have been an American invention. An English newspaper has described them as consisting "of a small metal cylinder screwed into the base of the shell containing a secret composition largely formed of magnesium. As the shell leaves the muzzle it shows a light, which continues burning throughout the trajectory of the shot through the air." And thus the exact flight of each projectile can be watched in its course to the target.

Though accustomed to the noise by this time, the small calibers decidedly disconcert you. The flash by night is more blinding than in daytime, the explosion far more penetrating, and the guns fired so rapidly that you have not time to recover from one before the next goes off. Your eyes are strained looking through the inky blackness of the night with a telescope. The flash blinds you, but in a moment you see the shell, revealed by its tracer, curving through the air. You see it hit the target and the splash in the beam of the search-light as the shell strikes the water. Often the guns are fired so rapidly that several of these rockets are in the air at the same time, leaping and curving like fireworks in the night. And when guns of several calibers are fired at the same time, you see the big fellows overhaul and pass the smaller ones before they reach the target.

Such is the present status of gunnery in the American navy and its history in the past. A stage of development has now been reached never before thought of, due to the perfection of ordnance and the establishment of a uniform and efficient system of training.

ROBERT W. NEESER.

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NORTH AMERICA AND FRANCE*

PART II

BY GABRIEL HANOTAUX, MEMBER OF THE "ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE," PRESIDENT OF THE "COMITÉ FRANCE-AMÉRIQUE"

I

When we have admitted that after a separation which has lasted less than a century and a half a civilization has been developed on American soil which as it exists to-day can teach many lessons and offer many examples to the European civilization, of which it is the child, we may in all sincerity seek to discover what America has to learn from Europe generally and, in spite of the common prejudice which exists to-day in America, from France in particular.

France needs an advocate to plead her case among Americans. Various causes have contributed to diminish her in their eyes, some real and others false or greatly exaggerated. Americans themselves seem to have had for some time past a vague feeling of injustice done, or at least of misapprehension. They feel that it would be well to be more equitable and better informed. What truer and more significant sign of a step in this direction can be found than the exchanges of professors which were organized almost spontaneously between the great universities of France and America? Part of this movement consists in presenting to those who are well disposed certain facts and certain interpretations in a new and clearer light.

The French people are in a state of decadence. France is a kind of "Poland" destined to an early dismemberment! It is easy to understand the origin of this verdict, severely pessimistic as it is.

The war of 1870, following so closely the war with Mexico (where France found herself almost the enemy of Ameri-

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can Nationalism, then in peril), was considered by the Puritans across the Channel and the Atlantic, influenced by the German press and by the press of other Protestant countries, as a chastisement sent by Providence against Catholicism and the Latin races. The long political and diplomatic difficulties which after 1870 put the French nation in a position antagonistic to England, brought forth a propaganda of slander and hate. The necessity in which France found herself of at once rebuilding a colonial empire (under the penalty of stepping down from her exalted position among the nations of the world) prolonged during a quarter of a century this Franco-English antagonism, which, naturally enough, had its effect in all countries of Anglo-Saxon origin. Add to this that France herself, overwhelmed with the burden of her defeats and the great task before her, kept aloof, so to speak, from the rest of the world while people of other nations, her competitors, and enemies took possession of the universe undisturbed.

And then, as I have already remarked, France has done much to belittle herself. Taine was the chief of an unnecessarily pessimistic school. Desmoulins's work on the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon marked the culmination of a campaign reflecting the disenchantment and bitterness of defeat. French literature was pleased to label itself "decadent."

France herself did not realize the signs of her own regeneration, while the world and her own sons were predicting irretrievable loss. Works testify in her favor more loudly than words. Far from being on the downward path, on the contrary, she stood erect, regaining her youth, her prosperity, and her vigor.

The most striking proof of the vitality of France was given to the world by the ardor and determination with which her people accepted the military burdens imposed upon them by defeat and by the armed peace of Europe. The liberal powers of the world, and more especially those of Anglo-Saxon origin, well know how difficult it is to obtain from a democratic population, master of its own destiny, the *voluntary* adhesion to *obligatory* military service.

For the word obligatory is but a word: if the people did not wish to serve, who could force them? It is, therefore, because of a spontaneous and constant spirit of sacrifice which has continued and has been renewed from generation

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to generation, a spirit of personal and pecuniary sacrifice on the part of fathers as well as on the part of their children, that France has been maintained for forty years in the state of an "armed nation."

There are no exceptions nor privileges. All Frenchmen alike wear the uniform or carry the knapsack. Opportunities for advancement are equal to all, and the risk of life or death in the garrison and on the field of battle is also the same for all. The army is a school where equality, discipline, and moral and physical deportment are enforced. The individual surrenders several years of his life to be charged against the Fatherland. Can there be a more noble conception of social duty?

Thus France has trained and prepared herself to such an extent that in the greatest of all sports, the sport of arms, no power, military or imperial, can confidently claim its superiority; artillery, small-arms, forts, technical details, instruction, capacity, and courage—all these she has gathered together and mobilized. The French army is the only great democratic army capable of the struggle for the independence of its country. Is not the most striking sign of a desire to live found in the organization and maintenance of a defensive army, made up of the people themselves, all, ready to shed their blood in the national defense?

It cannot be said that a people is decadent which disposes of two millions of armed men trained and well commanded, a people whom all others look to, and upon whom all others depend. To destroy the international balance of power it would be necessary first to crush France, and in this fact indeed the rest of the world finds security. If France has regained her place in the first rank of modern nations it is largely due to the ease with which she has borne and continues to bear the heavy tax of military service. Before pitying her lot, her critics should first imitate her in this regard.

A certain materialistic tendency of modern civilization tends to judge the power of a people by their economic resourcefulness. From this point of view also how distorted and erroneous are the judgments in circulation with regard to France! Though her economic activity were actually decreasing, it would be a mistake to conclude that her destruction was inevitable. Nations whose commerce is little developed are not always those nearest to decay. But even

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from this standpoint it is well to examine facts as they really are and to beware of ready-made judgments.

Nobody denies, in the first place, that France is the richest country in the world, or has at her disposal greater riches than any other country. France comes to the rescue with her investments whenever a world crisis is threatened and whenever a country in the process of development has need of financial assistance. Thus has she acquired in the world of international economy a position no less enviable than that which is hers in military matters. Commercial and financial alliances with France are sought after for the same reason that political alliances are made, because she has at her disposal two forces equally important and pre-eminent—her army and her wealth.

And can it be imagined that this wealth is due solely to the saving habits which are ingrained in the French people? Would saving habits suffice to enrich a nation? The French proverb says of the saving man that he would "shear an egg." Shearing eggs is a process that carries very little profit, for as another proverb has it, "Where there is nothing, the king forfeits his rights."

French wealth has a larger, more open and fertile source: the constant activity of national production. Here may be traced the reason for the constantly increasing but little understood prosperity of her commerce.

In general, statistics are against us. The sea does not come to our assistance. On the contrary, she fills our ports with sand and favors our competitors. She is on the side of statistics. It cannot be denied that our merchant marine is on the wane. It is likely that enterprises of this sort do not offer French capital and labor sufficient advantages. The system of "inscription" useful under Colbert is now a burden merely, and has seen its day. Whatever the reasons, we do not ourselves transport our merchandize beyond seas, and on land we are also obliged to go through alien territory which surrounds us on all sides.

The result is that French products shipped by land or sea on foreign carriers too often appear in statistics as foreign merchandise. On the other hand, the direct sale of French manufactures to the foreign purchaser visiting France brings extremely handsome profits, but this also escapes official notice and recognition. This explains many most important omissions and alterations.

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In general statistical tables are made according to the English standard. Certain special articles of enormous importance in the commerce of England—coal, iron, cloth, etc.—are given prominence, while articles particularly identified with France, such as fruits, wines, and luxuries, are confined under the heading "Miscellaneous."

I have personally seen official reports showing the commerce between France and China as practically nil, whereas in fact, by the sale of rice from Indo-China and the purchase of silk for the industries of Lyons, we are among her heaviest customers. But in making these statistical tables, silk shipped from Hongkong is entered as English exports, and the rice from Indo-China came under the heading "divers products of Asiatic origin." This did not rob France of a centime of her commercial profits, but it marred her commercial features.

Heavy tonnage is given prominence in these statistical tables, but heavy merchandise does not usually represent the most profitable trade. French merchandise, often light in weight, brings in the greatest profit; and this, after all, is the matter of most importance. A shipment of coal, for instance, is of enormous weight but of small profit when compared with the sale of diamonds, which is another species of carbon of small tonnage and large profit. A picture-hat from the Rue de la Paix represents small tonnage and large profit; so with a painting, a jewel, a bottle of champagne, or an ostrich plume. French commerce prefers that class of business where the freight rates are small and the profits large; so that the really considerable growth of French commerce remains unnoticed by the world when in fact it exists, and the fruits of this growth may be found in the stockings of the people. Such examples might be multiplied, but these will suffice as authority for the common-sense statement that if France has immense wealth at her disposal she must be wealthy, and if wealthy her economical powers must be great, and her commercial faculties adapted to get the advantages of her wealth and of her natural and industrial resources. France has a luxurious clientele willing to pay high for its satisfactions, the flower of good buyers. This is the true source of her prosperity, which anybody might well envy her.

France receives from her capital invested abroad an annual income equal to the amount of the national budget;

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she could live on her income, exerting no greater effort than is needed to cut off coupons; but instead she is always at work, watching her opportunities, ever unsatisfied, and her own severest critic. In the economic order, as in war, science, art, and literature, she is always at work and always on the alert.

Her nonchalance and good-humor are misleading to outsiders; she carries the burden of labor so lightly that she is never weary, never out of breath. Her wealth itself is not a trouble to her; she adds to it unceasingly without haste or overexertion. The spirit of economy in French people is the virtue of prudence, and not a sign of greed; it is as serviceable to other lands as to her own. She administers her fortune wisely, and makes it of use in fostering universal comfort and well-being, for there is hardly an enterprise in the world that France has not been instrumental in establishing through financial assistance.

In presence of such facts to declare and to reiterate, like a lesson committed to memory, that France is in a state of economical decadence, amounts to a ridiculous contradiction in terms, a blind and selfish effort to cloud the truth and belittle a competitor. The economic quotient of France in proportion to its population is one of the greatest of the world. This is attested by reliable statistics and by the general prosperity of the country; and we must always bear in mind that commerce is merely commerce, and by no means the touchstone of civilization.

Shall we now plead the cause of France from the standpoint of morality, national or individual? If so, let us look into evidence of the greatest authority because of its impartial character, the evidence, for example, of Mr. Barrett Wendell and Sir Thomas Barclay. The reaction of public opinion in our favor has begun. The simple truth is now being accepted that the foreigners who go to France in search of questionable entertainment themselves provide it. The Riviera in winter during the time of the carnival at Nice is to-day nothing more than a Teutonic kermess. Nor can we explain where the crowds come from who are seen on certain nights on our boulevards, but they are certainly not exclusively French.

French literature (or to be more exact, the French novel) is not characterized in recent days, it must be admitted, by any extreme spirit of prudery. But why condemn French

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literature as a whole? Our publicists, our historians, our thinkers, our philosophers and poets, are these to be ignored when speaking of the literary productions of the country? And the theater, though at times it may exhibit "*risqué*" scenes, does it not, on the whole, represent one of the most noble examples of observation and moralization which humanity has ever produced? How otherwise can we explain that the French drama provides almost all the material for the stage in the largest foreign cities? The play and the novel, which are necessarily devoted almost exclusively to the study of customs and the depicting of character, have occasionally dwelt on certain unpleasant and too vivid subjects; but every one is aware that the novel and the drama are not intended for the youth of the country, and that from the oldest times have figured among the privileged arts.

French literary, artistic, and scientific productions are considerable, and along these lines, France yields each year to the world an abundant harvest of beautiful and useful works. Can this be said to reveal the existence of base spirits or wicked hearts? How unjust it is to consider only the rare instances where art wanders into dangerous subtleties or displays a haughty indifference to human aspirations! The number of good books published and excellent plays produced in France every year is so great that we need not feel hurt or injured by the charge so often repeated of decadence, which has been so imprudently made within our own borders. The tiresome type of novel does not constitute the length and breadth of English literature, nor, on the other hand, does the light novel constitute the whole of French literature.

It is optional with us to enjoy or ignore the one and the other. Those who enjoy this class of literature and who make it possible by their support, have only themselves to reproach.

In the main, our national morality is on quite as high a plane as that of the foreign nations who weigh us down with their sarcasm. One could discuss this question *ad infinitum*. In France or out of France the largest cities offer spectacles and temptations not to be found in the wiser and more sedate provinces, and we must remember that it is outside of the cities and in the provinces that the generations are kept pure and wholesome. Climates differ, and different races have different temperaments, but the

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open indulgence in vice of some nations is no worse than the brutal hypocrisy of others.

The French family is a model of decorum and affectionate solidarity. Between husband and wife (save in very rare instances) there exists a remarkable unanimity of sentiment and unitedness of purpose, with the ever-present object of leaving to their children and their children's children the results of their own labor. The spirit of economy here again is altogether representative of the French family; it means simply self-denial of the living for the benefit of those to come. Economy is a chain uniting succeeding generations. The Frenchman never spends the whole of his salary, his profit, or his income; he first puts aside enough to guarantee life and comfort to his family. In a word, he insures himself and those dependent upon him against the risks of life by a constant, intelligent, and far-seeing self-abnegation.

This conception of the family, viewed as a permanent and continuing institution, surviving the individual and each particular generation, is essentially French. It is evidenced by the customary dowry of daughters, which assures the bride a respected place in the family of which she is about to become a part, by the usual custom of a community of interest between husband and wife, by the equal inheritance among children, the scarcity of divorces, and by the strength of the family tie. This attitude places husband and wife on an equal footing and produces a feeling of equality among the children which tends toward a full development of each individual member of the family and fosters a sense of dignity and responsibility. France is not a country of "suffragettes"; probably by reason of the fact that in France womanhood holds a higher place than would be accorded her by giving her the right to enter the polling booths.

Is it necessary to recall the qualities of the Frenchwoman in her relation as a daughter, wife, or mother? She it is who is the real apostle of French morality. The child takes in with the mother's milk the spirit of honor and gentle living; her lessons and her examples are later on the support of youth; and her bravery, her sobriety, and her constancy assist and soothe misfortune and old age.

It would, perhaps, carry greater weight to quote on this subject the opinion of a stranger. Mr. Barrett Wendell has said: "A good woman is not merely a devoted wife. She

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remains also what she was before marriage, a model of filial devotion deeply attached to her own family; she remains a good sister and a faithful friend. Even more completely is she a good mother; her obligations toward her children, as well as toward their father, call upon her to be mistress of the house, never neglecting the monotonous details of daily life. This unending task, minute and prosaic, is the very condition of her being, and she accomplishes it from youth to old age, forgetful of herself, smiling and happy. For not the least of her articles of faith is this: that she *must* make life agreeable for those about her. Frenchwomen who are worthy of the term '*honnette femme*' are without number throughout France, and they do not merely constitute the most beautiful type of women of this country, but they are the most numerous and most representative. If the indifferent glance of the stranger, the artist, does not take this in at once it is because, as with air and light, they are everywhere, and also because the silent devotion which they give to their duties leaves them unseen."

But the population of France is diminishing. Whatever its merits, the race is destined to disappear or to continue only through immigration. Time will bring about the realization of the most gloomy predictions on the future of France. It is true that the decrease in the birth-rate rightfully causes apprehension for the survival of the French race; it is not a sufficient comfort that the evil is not confined to France. Every population tends to diminish in numbers as it increases in wealth; France, with excessive wealth, sees her birth-rate decrease. Such is the fact we must face.

It is well to understand in the first place, that in this fact, we have to deal with one of the most mysterious instinctive tendencies of human nature. The explanations generally given are usually specious. Le Play was on the wrong track in laying the blame on the civil code and the system of inheritance which grants equal rights to all of the children—the limitations placed on the right of testamentary disposition, and the prohibition against entails. Depopulation by a decreasing birth-rate is not true of Belgium, of Italy, or of the Rhenish countries, in all of which the civil code rules. On the other hand, it is to be found in certain provinces of Russia, among the upper classes in the United States, in England, and even in Germany.

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One of the reasons for the decrease in the birth-rate would seem to be the proportion between population and arable land. Agriculture has need of the child, for in agricultural work alone may the child be employed without danger to itself. In other classes of society the child is a burden made heavy by the years through which it must be carried.

The small "*bourgeois*," the minor officials in the city, living on a minimum salary with increasing expenses, closeted in small and uncomfortable apartments, and wholly dependent on their slender earnings for all of their needs and pleasures, these people deny themselves the luxury of a large family. Little by little this mode of life becomes a habit; the wife becomes solicitous for her grace, beauty, and for the virtue of her husband. The bad example is communicated from one to another, bad counsels go the rounds, and the evil spreads partly intentionally and partly by spirit of imitation. As years roll on, and emphasize the joy which children bring and the sadness of childless homes, it is too late. The harm is irremediable.

A more exact understanding of the cause of the malady would offer some possibility of finding an antidote. France with sure instinct has understood the good to be accomplished for future generations by providing through colonial expansion great areas to be opened up, cultivated, and peopled. In the colonies everything is transformed. It is well known that the French birth-rate in Canada is high. What is not so well known is that in Algeria the French are the most prolific of all the people of European origin. It will probably be the same in all the colonies where a Frenchman can live. This being the case, the formula of the cure is: wherever there is land to be had men will develop, and as new lands are not wanting to France this would appear to be her safeguard against the calamity which seems to menace her.

Perhaps also a higher moral education, a less selfish and more lofty conception of life will restore the bygone honor accorded to large families. Let the higher classes set the example. They will be imitated in good as in evil. An important duty in this regard devolves upon the French middle classes. The reasons for the decrease in their birth-rate are not insurmountable. It is a question of will; a sustained will is the remedy. As they appreciate the conse-

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quences of their acts in this regard, let them be the first to cure the evil which they were the first to propagate. At a time when the birth-rate is decreasing among the majority of the civilized nations it would be well for France to "find herself" again and to prove that she wishes to live by living.

II

I have examined in all sincerity and good faith the principal criticisms directed against France, but I do not pretend in the slightest to absolve our country of all wrongdoing. It has serious faults and inherent weaknesses of which it should rid itself; but, on the other hand, neither are other countries infallible, and ours has for its comfort the recollection of twenty centuries of perils bravely met.

The birth of France was coincident with the birth of Christianity. France first appeared in history—through the conquest of Cæsar—at the threshold of modern times, and for nearly two thousand years she has been laboring at the task of civilization. Of what other living people can this be said?

Without France, the France of Charles Martel, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, of Godefroy de Bouillon, St. Louis, Calvin, Henry IV., of Champlain, of Louis XIV., of Voltaire, Napoleon, and Pasteur, what a deficit there would be in the sum of human accomplishment! Why, then, should we deny to France of the future, the same forces, which have made her majesty and strength through these long centuries?

Is there no good which remains to be learned from this nation which evangelized the world through the crusades and by scholastic teaching; which created Gothic art, produced the doubts of Montaigne, the philosophy of Descartes, the art and literature of the seventeenth century, the philosophy of the eighteenth, the declaration of the rights of man, the civil code, the metric system, modern art, and so many scientific discoveries and other works worthy of immortality?

France, often at her own cost, has made experiments by which other people have profited. She is daring, imprudent, courageous, and reckless, but the springs of devotion and proselytism are not dried up within her. Let there appear a risk to run, a peril to encounter and the flower of her youth is ready to meet them. Yesterday it was the conquest of Africa. To-day the conquest of the air.

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Her imprudence is not unreason; and her folly is, after all, full of wisdom, since it was conceived according to the expression of Kant "under the angle of eternity." A nation which places the law of survival so high, and which in all of its actions, from the most glorious to the most ordinary, is willing to sacrifice the present for the future, is not such as history will remove from the list of the living. It is not possible that for her, who thinks so constantly of the future, there should be no future.

The French nation stands, in fact, among the sanest and most serious of to-day. It is for this reason that the foreigner, more especially the Anglo-Saxons, who have overcome many of their prejudices, apply themselves to a better knowledge of her. Our social structure, our methods of work (especially in agriculture), our notion of the family, the rights of property, the system of inheritance, and our local customs themselves are now the subjects of more careful and broad-minded study.

It is to-day conceded that there is much to be learned from this people of whom a few years ago it was thought that their existence consisted only in the life of the boulevard. Phenomena of the gravest kind which have shaken the foundations of the most self-confident societies, unheard-of struggles, and tense situations have modified many convictions and done away with many prejudices and softened the pride of nations. To-day comparisons are made. Men no longer refuse to seek in the essential principles of social order, realized by the civil law of France, the reasons for stability which they are beginning to envy us.

The French civil law, as has been too often repeated, did not come forth wholly armed from the head of Bonaparte; it was not a spontaneous birth appearing suddenly on French soil at the time of the Revolution; it is the product of a long development, of a prudent aloofness persevered in through the centuries, the definite harvest of the customs, traditions, and practical experiments which our ancient history describes by the expressive *coutumes* (customs); that is to say, that which had been in use.

This civil law, eminently practical, concrete, and realistic, was not born from the edicts of legislators more or less weighty or competent; it came into being day by day out of what Montesquieu called "the permanent relations" between individuals, things, and society. Gathered and at-

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tested by the procedure of our courts and by our jurisprudence, it was only after the lapse of centuries that these "customs" received political sanction, and this without the pretense of any power to question the principles that underlay them nor to interfere with the effect of that application. What the French Revolution itself accomplished was no more than the final codification of these customs, or rather the adaptation to the whole of France, of the leading "customs" of Paris.

From these historical facts I wish simply to point out that modern French legislation is in no wise, as was claimed by the schools of Le Play and of Taine, an abstract conception handed down by the philosophers of the eighteenth century and the Revolution to the Consulate. As a matter of fact, in this modern legislation we see ancient principles of national life self-preserved, condensed, and perpetuated. The Revolution in this respect, as in many others, was but a phase of the national evolution which had been going on for centuries.

The French civil law is the fruit of the experience of a very old nation, itself the inheritor of the two great civilizations of antiquity. Such is the fact. It expresses the course of living which had been preferred by hundreds of generations and, like the French language itself, is the result of long and well-considered usage.

With regard to the relations of husband and wife in the marriage tie, of father and children, of social beings and social wealth, of capital and labor, it speaks with a voice of incomparable authority.

In most Anglo-Saxon countries, notwithstanding the numbers and the standing of the legal profession, and perhaps for that reason, jurisprudence has remained in a state of astonishing medievalism, and the countries would find advantage in a closer acquaintance with the principles of French law. The clear language which characterizes the civil code would bring an unlooked-for light to such who would read it with open minds and serious intent.

At the basis of all society are the relations between the individual, property, and society itself. The whole truth is stated in two lines as strong and comprehensive as could be written.

"Article 544. Property or ownership is the right to enjoy and dispose

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of things in the most absolute manner, provided that the possessor does not put them to any use prohibited by laws or regulations."

The three prime elements, the right of the owner, the object of ownership, and social order itself, are brought together and weighed against one another.

"Article 545. No person shall be forced to surrender his property unless for the public good and for a just and reasonable compensation previously given."

Does not this one phrase sum up the struggle of civil order against the political order? The political power, violent and passionate, seeks constantly to invade the rights of the individual, the right of labor. But this latter finds a defender in the social order more equitable than the domination of leaders. Thesis and antithesis of despotism and communism are held each in its place by these few words:

"Article 732. The law does not take into consideration the nature or the origin of property in regulating its inheritance."

How admirably simple is this statement, forbidding in the civil order, the transmission of responsibility for wrong, admitted in the religious order. The result of this prohibition is to assure to each generation the stability in the social order and the sacredness of title which every death and every birth tends to disturb.

The following are the two articles which we may say link the family to society, joining one to the other:

"Article 165. Marriages shall be celebrated *publicly* in the presence of the civil officer of the domicile of one of the two parties."

"Article 191. Every marriage which has not been publicly contracted and which has not been celebrated in the presence of the proper public officer, may be attacked by the husband or wife, by the Father and Mother, the ascendants and all those who have an existing and actual interest therein [a shading of singular precision and subtlety] and also by the public prosecutor."

The following are the articles which provide for the transfer of ownership, the transmission of property to descendants for the unending creation of new families; they are the master articles consecrating the permanence of the state and of society:

"Article 731. Successions are bestowed upon the children and the descendants of the decedent, his ascendants, and collateral relatives in the order and according to the rules hereafter prescribed."

"Article 745. Children or their descendants inherit from their father and mother, grandfathers and grandmothers, or other ascendants without

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distinction of sex nor of primogeniture, and even if they are born of different marriages.

"They inherit in equal shares and *per capita* when they are all of the first degree and inherit in their own right; they inherit *per stirpes* when all or part of them take by representation."

"Article 755. Relatives beyond the twelfth degree do not inherit."

"Article 896. Entails are prohibited."

"Article 913. Gifts *inter vivos* or by will cannot exceed one-half of the property of such donor, if he leaves only one legitimate child him surviving; one-third if he leaves two children; and one-fourth if he leaves three or a greater number."

Is not this a remarkable example of perfect moderation in the social relations? How apparent is the constant solicitude for a perfect balance between all the factors of national existence.

The great principle of our law is that of permanence, duration, survival; the family is of more importance than the individual and the race more important than the family. Legitimate heirs are in a sense coexistent with property rights; they are born at one and the same time and have a right over property as soon as it makes an appearance. The moment a man's labor is productive he has created in advance something for those who are to come, for those whom he may never know. A wise forethought of existing society on behalf of the society to come. Man cannot dispose of even that which he has earned or which he has created without reserving a portion of his product for future generations; he cannot isolate himself from these coming generations; the mere fact of their existence is an aid to him; he cannot substitute his own will to the law of transfer and transmission as laid down in the code which anteceded his own existence and to which he is submitted by the mere fact of his birth. The limitations placed on the right of testamentary disposition, the prohibition against mortmain, the absence of masculine privilege (and this in the country of the Salic law!), the negation of the right of primogeniture or of entail—everything in the system tends to incite to constant activity, succeeding generations, without breaking the tie which unites them.

The evils attendant upon other systems are known to all; the monstrous inequality in wealth; the unlabored enrichment of certain classes and individuals who are benefiting, drawing profit inequitably and without scruple from the

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work of centuries; the necessary disappearance of the small proprietor and farmer; the accumulation of the poor in the large cities; the increase in charitable institutions and the dangerous division of society into two classes—the overrich and the overpoor; the brazen luxury of the first class and the angry violence of the second; and, finally, the political campaigns which marshal the one against the other. The equalizing process going on in France for more than a century has not yet brought about the final solution of the problem, but in diminishing suffering it has probably pointed out the way.

The sense of proportion, is a gift which the climate of France has given to the race, and daily renews. Life is naturally well balanced under the influences of its smiling climate. This lesson of moderation and discretion, and the art of limiting one's desires and bridling one's ambitions, would be beyond doubt the most precious gift which France could make to America.

Vast territories, unexploited wealth, and the sustained effort indispensable for so great a task as their development, strain body and soul. Under such a régime, muscles and nerves are stretched to the breaking-point. The time will soon come, when the task shall be so far advanced, that the work of exploitation and the accumulation of wealth need no longer remain the principal occupation of a great civilization and when it will seem good, wise, and reasonable to enjoy life after having assured the means of living.

Then, perhaps, our neighbors will realize that certain uses to which French activity has been devoted, heretofore so easily turned to ridicule, are based on sound reason drawn from a long experience of civilized living. The cultivation of things of the mind, literary taste, and artistic activity are signs not of a decadent age, but of a period of noble and complete fruition. The nations which have left their mark in the memory of men, and which still claim the gratitude of the centuries, only attained to this perfect blossoming after prolonged and painful effort. The monuments which they have built testify for them. The powerful merchant cities of antiquity, Tyre and Carthage, are to-day mere names. Those civilizations only have been really great whose high perfection was scientific, artistic, or literary, for they were wedded to the realities; not to the ephemeral, but to what endures.

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The thing that endures is the idea, the thought, or rather its expression. When this expression is clear and definite, bringing out the idea in clear relief, appealing to the thinking qualities of man, it is the only human thing which is higher than humanity and becomes a part of eternity. The discovery of a physical or mathematical law drawn from nature's secrets, the psychological truth torn from its hiding-place in the soul, an esthetic harmony separated from its hiding-place in the crowd, this alone adds an indestructible asset to the capital of centuries. Newton gives expression to the law of gravity and thus explains the mechanism of the universe. Descartes says: "I think, therefore I am," and founds the philosophy of reason. An unknown builder discovers the principle of the Gothic vault and formulates the rules of a new architecture which adds a new charm to the beauty of created things.

Discovery, construction, philosophy are modes of expression. The notion lies dormant and confined in the recesses of the mind until the spark of expression gives it life. Then it emerges from the shadow and becomes an idea. An idea, to which adequate expression is given, is a revelation of the "ideal," of that which is universal and eternal. There is not an intellect which in its particular sphere of activity, from the highest to the most lowly, does not tend toward an idea, does not do homage, often unconsciously, to the guiding power of the idea. We say of the most humble artisan that he has "good ideas," which means simply that he has some inventive faculty and can in some degree generalize. The higher hierarchy of every society is built of persons and professions according as they approach more or less closely to the world of ideas. And the same discriminating process is applied to determine the gradation of nations as well as of individuals, and the place which nations occupy is determined by the energy and time devoted to the effort for perfect expression of the idea.

All peoples are in need of an ideal, of some noble occupation, of some disinterested and unselfish goal. The ever-present elaboration of thought, scientific, literary, or artistic, is the natural end of all human effort. When the plowman has plowed his furrow, when the hunter has killed his quarry, when the weaver's loom is still, each one sits at rest before his cottage and gives way to dreams. This is the fruitful hour where each is living his true life.

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The Frenchman, ingenious, active, scion of an old race and of an old civilization, takes delight in this dreaming and speculation. The powerful intellectual production of France, uninterrupted for eight or ten centuries, is only explained by the deep, serious, and silent elaboration and study which continues without ceasing among the mass of the people. The handiwork of the artisan, the ingenuity of the professional entertainer (whom the ancients knew as the *trouveur,* or finder), the somewhat sleepy study of the petty *bourgeois* reviewing his classics, the literary discussions in the shade of the village elm—all contribute their share. The nation by continual practice is ever busy at its self-culture. It is ever in search of purity, quality, and finish, and is always ready to criticize its workmen, its masters, and itself. Discussions bearing on aptness of expression (if only about simple questions of spelling) excite warm interest because they are tests of precision. Judgment is passed upon these matters with delicate shading and all outward manifestations of the intellect are submitted to the scrutiny of refiection and reason as well as of existing standards.

This intellectual effort has also its moral side. To reach out to an idea or an ideal is an uplift toward the eternal. To discovery of causes, to improve and cultivate good taste, to analyze law and be obedient to it, are not these elements of religion? It is, perhaps, by reason of this that French civilization has withstood the irreligious spirit that has hung about it the shackles of doubt and skepticism which the French spirit has made use of as instruments in the search for truth. France has faith. A people with zeal for charity, the love of the beautiful, and readiness for self-sacrifice in private and in public life cannot be charged with impiety. Their conflicts, their polemics, their harsh dissensions, have their origin for the most part in a profession of faith or in some act of unselfish abnegation.

It is surely in this sense that Mr. Barrett Wendell has said, as Nietzsche did before him, that "the French people is by instinct deeply religious." Mr. Faguet is astonished at this remark from the author of *France of To-day.* For in his view "the French race from the Middle Ages to our own time is at bottom naturally skeptical, and if not hostile to religion is, at all events, inaccessible to any deep religious feeling."

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The eminent critic is, perhaps, misled by a too liberal interpretation of terms. In the course of its history the French race has furnished remarkable examples of the religious spirit. The land of St. Louis and St. Vincent de Paul has accorded religion generous measure; the great monastic orders, and in particular Catholic foreign missions, have unceasingly for centuries levied from their children heavy tribute of generosity and self-sacrifice. Even in the bewilderment of souls which marks our time it is not impossible to recognize some of the most striking characteristics of the religious spirit. The great emotions which stir the French people are still manifestations of faith.

If there exists a race whose tendency is toward the general, the universal, it is surely the French race. The fact has been so often a reproach that we may at least claim the honor of it. Was not this Taine's strong criticism of the French Revolution? The classicism, the Latinism, the dogmatism of the race became exaggerated to a degree of abstraction that inspired the Jacobins. This is unquestioned, but is not this very excess of fanaticism within the logical development of the French temperament?

This spirit of unselfish abstraction, the zeal of propaganda, this aptness for generalization and universalization—in a word, this devotion to an Idea which so frequently inspires the performances of the race—is the mainstay of the most efficient French action still being exercised on the American continent.

If North America (United States and Canada) is still subjected to the impress of French influence, it is through neither commerce nor production nor science nor skill and scarcely through art, literature, or the drama; it is, above all, through the religious propaganda, the Catholic propaganda of which French priests north and south of the Great Lakes were the initiators and of which they are still to-day the devoted assistants.

The development of Catholicism in North America was a phenomenon of the greatest historical importance. I shall not undertake to sketch the extent of this development nor to determine its causes. It is a fact, nevertheless, that its origins and its most active support, at the outset at least, are to be found in French Canada.

The history of Canada may be summed up in three words: exploration, struggle, and evangelization. Politics did lit-

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tle more than blunder; the great idea of Champlain to unite Hudson Bay with the Caribbean by the domination of the interior along the valley of the Mississippi seemed about to be realized at the time when Cavelier de La Salle began the navigation of the Great Lakes and, following the course of the Mississippi, founded Louisiana in 1682. It is also a well-known fact that these splendid explorations stimulated the zeal of the Jesuits, who sent into the West, Joliet and Père Marquette, the first explorers of Missouri, northern Mississippi, Arkansas, and Illinois.

A fact less well known is that the Récollets, associated with the work of La Salle, founded what became in the religious field an enduring work. On the 27th of February, 1680, Father Hennepin started from Fort Crevecœur, passing through Illinois to northern Mississippi, and reached the point occupied to-day by the city of St. Paul. Father Hennepin also discovered on the great river the falls which he named "Falls of St. Anthony."

This work was carried on during the entire French occupation of Canada by the sending of missionaries and the maintenance of a chapel at Beauharnais. An interruption followed the loss of the Canadian colony, but toward 1820 the tradition was revived and French Canadians made a settlement under the protection of Fort Snelling, not far from the spot where the city of St. Paul was one day to rise, and where, in fact, its foundation was laid in 1841 by Father Galtier. In 1854 the city consisted of three thousand inhabitants, while to-day it numbers two hundred thousand.

St. Paul was erected into a see in 1850. In 1901, when Archbishop Ireland, who had been at the head of the diocese since 1884, was celebrating his golden anniversary, the city had become a metropolitan see of the archbishopric, with five suffragan bishops, with six hundred priests, and four hundred thousand Catholics, and, in the archiepiscopal city alone, twenty-three churches.

Archbishop Ireland, in the address made at the time, did homage to the great French explorers and missionaries as follows: "Ah!" said he, "the priests of the diocese of St. Paul, especially those of the primitive days, those who built it, it is our pride to glorify their names. The first Catholics of the ministry, for the most part, spoke French. Monsignor Crétin, a Frenchman, drew upon France for his clergy. France is indeed the country of missionaries."

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I have cited this example and this text because nothing could better explain nor with more authority, the part which France can claim in the Catholic evangelization of the United States. If it were needful to enumerate all of her services in this direction and all the illustrious names which she can claim, an entire volume would not be sufficient.

Catholic zeal was concentrated on the Indian Missions throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But following the War of Independence and the consecration of Bishop Carroll in 1790 as "Bishop of Baltimore," the organization of the Catholic Church in America became the all-absorbing task. When the work of recruiting and educating an American clergy was undertaken, Bishop Carroll appealed to Mr. Emery, Superior of St. Sulpice, to found a seminary in the Episcopal city. "In the month of March, 1790, four Sulpiciens and five seminarians embarked from St. Malo, and on the 3d of October of the same year the first American seminary was opened in Baltimore, from whose doors was to issue a native clergy powerful in number and in influence." This great edifice was erected upon a French foundation.

Needless to say, the pioneer period now belongs to the past, and the Catholic clergy of America, naturally enough, seeks more and more to recruit its personnel from the faithful in America. Threatened by the violent attacks of "native Americanism" or "Know-nothingism," the Church in America dreads, above all, the accusation that it is subject to foreign influences. But in spite of all, the old relations and reciprocal services still continue, thanks more especially to the immediate neighborhood of the French-Canadian Catholics. (See Brunetière's article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled "Catholicism in the United States.")

There are fifteen millions of Catholics in the United States at the present time, made up mainly of children or descendants of Catholic immigrants. There is no formal evidence that the Catholic religion is gaining on Protestantism. Nevertheless, Cardinal Gibbons figures that there was an average of thirty thousand conversions a year during the closing years of the nineteenth century. That powerful organization, the "Catholic Church Extension Society," founded in Chicago only seven years ago, has accomplished such wonderful results that one optimistic witness has ex-

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pressed the double hope "that in twenty-five years, more than half of the inhabitants of the United States will have embraced the Catholic faith," and, again, "that the United States will become the first Catholic country of the world." To analyze the causes of this movement would require minute and extended study. In the land founded by the Puritans "seeking to escape the depravity of Europe," Rome is regaining her foothold amid the multiplicity of conflicting sects, the discipline and perseverance of the Catholic Church and the devotion of its clergy, seconded by the tolerant sympathy of the Government, offer to the mass of the people a secure resting-place. The tendency of the immigrants, whose number is ever increasing and gradually covering over the older strata of population, is to hold to the faith of their fathers. Immigrants of Irish, Italian, and French Canadian origin are numerous, prolific, and energetic. And, moreover, a certain aloofness and austerity, characteristic of Protestantism, may also serve to repel those timid souls who have need of comfort and sympathetic support. The great army of voluntary exiles, uprooted from their native soil, most naturally seek a shelter from the tempest. What more natural than to seek it in the one sanctuary which has lasted throughout the centuries?

America is Catholic by birth; Catholicism came with Christopher Columbus *(the Christ bearer)*. One hundred and fifty millions of Catholics from Hudson Bay to the Strait of Magellan are true to its traditions. It is impossible that on such soil its development should cease.

From the human point of view alone the Catholic Church succeeds because it is a powerful organization devoted to the greatest and most efficient civilizing tradition which the world has ever known. The child of two great families, Semitic and Aryan, heir to the Roman Empire, progenitor of the Western nations, the Church has reached the highest degree of universality which it is given to humanity to attain. In the present state of civilization, by virtue of imponderable causes, easier to realize than to explain, to universalize is to Latinize. And the name of France is indissolubly connected with Catholic expansion throughout the world, and especially in America. If Catholicism, which is necessarily of Roman and Latin origin, is in a state of development in that distant land, is indeed partly French.

This logical trend of things is strengthened by the con-

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stant and close contact of the Church in America with the Church in French Canada.

Catholicism in the United States and Catholicism in Canada are as two brothers living side by side and infused with the same vital forces. They have grown up together and will develop simultaneously in that immense western territory whose colonization will be the great work of the twentieth century.

I cannot in this article touch upon the question of the future of Canada; but the universal opinion is that Canada will realize the prophecy of Louis XIV.'s intendant, who said, "This land is destined to see great things." Before half a century Canada will be one of the richest and most powerful countries of the world. Whatever may happen, a very important place in that great country will be reserved to the French race, the French language, French tradition, and, perhaps, in the near future, French culture.

After their separation from France, the French of Canada had a foremost duty—namely, to live, to multiply, and to endure. This duty they accomplished, and another as well, for, faithful to the memory of the country of their origin, they have kept fresh in their hearts the cult of their lost fatherland. The people of Canada have, perhaps more than all others, a memory of the past; their eyes are ever cast behind them, and yet they are the youngest of all nations, and the future is theirs.

In the association, henceforth indissoluble, of the French Canadian with his Anglo-Saxon brother he is not merging his identity or individuality. On the contrary, he retains his traditional gifts, his well-defined and accentuated qualities, and his defects. In the forest or on the plain the French Canadian is grubber, woodsman, farmer, and peasant. In the cities he is the jurist, the legislator, the physician, and the orator, the able and supple purveyor of ideas, born for power. In town or country he is skilful and fearless. In general less enterprising in business than his Anglo-Saxon brother, he occupies a place proportionally more important in public affairs. He takes pride in having witnessed the birth and the growth of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—of world-wide renown.

The French Canadian is in the mass strongly attached to the Catholic Church. In the West the progress of Catholicism goes hand in hand with that of colonization. "In

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1817 there was not a single Catholic priest throughout the entire West. In 1845 there were six priests. To-day there are two archdioceses with five suffragans; and the single diocese of St. Boniface alone numbers [in 1907] 205 priests, 93 churches, and 87,218 faithful." We are obviously dealing with a great force not only for evangelization, but for civilization. This conquering force is French Canadian and therefore half French.

These are facts which French vigilance cannot afford to overlook: we are affected by the progress of Islamism in Africa. How much more should we take concern for that of Catholicism in America. Canadian Catholicism, worked by a most active propaganda, seems at times inclined to loosen the traditional ties which attach it to France. Recent laws, in particular the separation of Church and State (which, on the other hand, have in fact given greater liberty to the clergy and the faithful), the attitude of the French Government with regard to Rome and the religious orders—all these have furnished ammunition for the most dangerous onslaught. This campaign, aided by certain false conceptions, might have met with success. But it is evident that the higher clergy of Canada have fully realized the fatal results of a false step in this connection. Were they to seek alliance and support elsewhere than in France, they would unavoidably be "delatinized"; they would be turning away from their proper goal.

To be Catholic is to tend toward universality. With such an end in view France is the natural source of aid and support. And French Catholicism has still sufficient strength to offer a helping hand to those who are willing to look in the direction to which she is tending. And, moreover, France herself is still a living power. It would show a great lack of foresight, even for ventures which are most assured of their future, to accept any theory involving a rupture with France.

French Canada need not concern itself with the vicissitudes of every-day politics. It has a higher function, the cure of souls in America, and the guardianship of its future. Destiny has made it the defender of its French and Latin origins; remain faithful to these sources of your power, adhere to the tree of which you are one of the limbs and from whose sap you draw your life and your strength.

As French Canada has survived, she owes it to herself to

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be worthy of the survival. By adhering to and fostering within her the spirit and the soul of France she will find the strength to fulfil her own destiny and realize her own ideals. The time has come for her to take the stand independently, with clear foresight, fearlessly and unequivocally. Great tasks and heavy responsibilities are hers, and she cannot linger in isolation.

The colonization of the West opens a new page of history, and the story will be the more inspiring and the more deeply graven as it is dictated by higher ideals. France, if she cannot offer her wealth, can at least contribute her traditions and the principles which have made her own greatness. It is natural that at such a time the two countries should seek out one another. The example is set by the highest authorities in Canada. Ministers and statesmen of whatever party come to France to strengthen their attachment to things French.

Let the French Canadian, especially of the younger generation, make similar journeys. Let him prolong his sojourn and learn to seek at the fountain's head the priceless traditions of his race. By contact with the soil he will get the impulse and acquire the high outlook essential to the fulfilment of his civilizing mission. He will take back to America something of the original legacy left us by history to be transmitted to him in good time. Thus will he take up the thread of centuries gone by. Richelieu and Colbert, Champlain and Montcalm, will come into their own again. The overthrow will become an incident, and the will of the sons, wiping out the defeat of the fathers, will truly resurrect on American soil a "new France."

This new France will be the younger sister of the great Republic which prospers under her starry banner.

It is fair to conclude that the conflict between the differing European and Christian civilizations is at an end in America. All labor for the honor of a common past and the triumph of a like ideal. What matter differences of form, dogma, and ceremony? The same Gospel words are spoken to all alike: "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

But peace does not depend entirely on the will of man. Peace is at the mercy of men's passions, and to control them a balance of power is necessary. The democracies of America will in the near future regulate this balance of power.

Between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the new conti-

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nent, made such by the Panama Canal, will be the body in whose orbit the other planets must move. Its people, children of all the races of the world, heir to every civilization, respecter of all beliefs, will protect and shelter them all.

"World-shelterer, in whose open folds
The wandering races rest."

The dream of the ancient navigators is realized and the routes to America have brought Europe nearer to Asia; the Far East and the Far West are one. The new continent unites them and brings them together, and stands as arbiter between them. (Witness the ending of the Russo-Japanese War.) The axis of the earth has shifted. The horizon is enlarged; and on this new horizon henceforth every conquering power will look upon the warning summit of American greatness.

France also is a balancing power. Situated at the cross-roads of Europe, she has, in the course of her long history, fought against all barbarians and against all hegemonies, whether from the North or the South. Bordering on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, France also unites the two worlds of the East and of the West. And in consonance with her destined task it was she who opened the Suez Canal and swung the first pick in Panama.

France stretches her peninsula of Brittany toward North America like the arch of a bridge, and the shortest and safest crossing is from Quebec or from New York to Brest. Geography and history alike encourage between France and North America more frequent and closer contact and unbroken understanding: the United States, France, Canada—the trilogy has a profound significance. These closer relations will be ever fruitful, far into the distant future, provided man can seize their import and their value and not run counter to the beneficent work of Time.

GABRIEL HANOTAUX.

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THE EVOLUTION OF PRAYER

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

"More servants wait on man than he'll take note of."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The reason why we do pray is simply that we cannot help praying."—PROFESSOR JAMES.

IT has been rumored, in public and privately, that the present generation does not believe in prayer. Yet, without an accurate and somewhat awkward canvass by a census-taker, one cannot know how large a percentage of the accused generation would plead guilty to the indictment.

If all the clergymen of the United States should gather statistics, more light might be shed upon the matter. Yet such data would give no information concerning the devotional habits of other sheep not of the church-fold, sheep who are sometimes quite as devout as those within the highest ecclesiastical palings. If, in addition to such statistics as clergymen could gather, the secular press should poll the confessions of all its readers not in the church, there might be collected a body of evidence worthy of respectful attention. Meantime, in his own private circle, everybody who is so disposed may collect on the subject such facts as he may gain by the tactful indirections of courtesy. Yet, without exact figures as a basis of conclusions, one is safe in saying that the present generation falls into three classes: those who have no faith in prayer, those whose prayers are so perfunctory that they seem a travesty on real prayer, and those whose prayers are inspired by a vital, evolving faith.

Among those of the first class, there are some who will say that they believe in the kind of prayer that one answers himself. This is a very good kind of prayer—as far as it goes—and the men and women who use it are sometimes of the salt of the earth. This interpretation of prayer, however, covers only a small fraction of the vast possibilities of prayer as it is understood by those whom it has evolved.

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There are finer prayers than one knows how to make or answer himself. Moreover, if one learns to walk by walking, or to talk by talking, he must as surely learn to pray by praying, unless his prayers are as mechanical as the music of a phonograph. Hence the man who does not believe in prayer cannot speak as authoritatively on the subject as one who does. One does not ask a man who knows nothing of chemistry to write a treatise on the chemical possibilities of ultra-violet rays. And just as surely as one learns to pray by praying, the idea of prayer, following the change in the idea of God, must change and grow, unless it should unfortunately prove to be the one thing in the universe to escape the law of evolution. That it has not escaped that law one may discover by comparing with the prayers of to-day some of the abject and groveling petitions of an earlier age when Jehovah was almost exclusively a God of wrath.

How very much some prayers needed the beneficent influence of evolution is made painfully clear in a little volume by Elizabeth Rowe, published in 1836. One of the petitions of this "pious and ingenious" lady, as the preface calls her, runs in this wise:

"O Lord God, permit a poor worthless creature to plead a little with Thee. What honor will my destruction bring Thee? What profit, what triumph to the Almighty will my perdition be? Mercy is Thy loveliest attribute; this gives Thee all Thy loveliness and completes Thy beauty."

Another prayer by the same suppliant is for "speedy sanctification":

"O God of ages! hear me speedily and grant my request while I am yet speaking: my frail existence will admit of no delay; answer me according to the shortness of my duration and the exigence of my circumstances. My business, of high importance as it is, yet is limited to the present now, the passing moment; for all the powers of earth cannot promise the next."

In the preface to this unique volume we are told that the author was "held in high esteem by the ingenious and the polite, notwithstanding the fact that these prayers are quite too insistent to be wholly courteous. Again, though the petitioner calls herself "a poor worthless creature," she yet argues it out with her Maker, like one attempting to make a dull mind see reason.

Compare with these importunate and perturbed orisons, the calm, sweet sanity of Stevenson's much-quoted prayer or Whittier's stanza:

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"Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

In the same key of gentle trust and dignity are the well-known lines of Mr. Burroughs:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

The acquiescent prayer commends itself by its simple trust and modesty. It does not dictate terms or time, but maintains a devout receptivity likely to win rarer gifts than any outlined by the vision of man. It finds its duplicate in the fearless faith of the daisy when she holds her chalice up to the heavens, all undisturbed by the fact that her sun-god is so many million miles away. The prayer of receptivity is the "lowly listening" of which Emerson speaks, and is quite foreign to the popular notion of prayer as a rite in which man does none of the listening.

Many of the influences of the *Zeitgeist* on prayer are too elusive to trace and define; but among those of which there can be little doubt are the silently vital changes wrought by the poets of all ages and climes. To the poet prayer is never a mere begging expedition, but an exalted receptivity which finds in God "a sweet, enveloping thought." In this spiritual attitude every sense is quickened and extended to receive messages by a million lines of communication from the rose-tinted mountain-peak to the "meanest flower that grows."

It was probably not while Coleridge was making any formal prayer that he grasped the celestial code of Mont Blanc:

"O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone."

The poet is always a good listener; he lets the Holy Ghost seek him, as Thoreau said it was as much the business of the Holy Ghost as the seeker's. An obvious illustration of such seeking and finding is furnished by Bryant's "Forest Hymn":

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"That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe."

To another poet the whisper came from a still humbler source:

"By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold of the greatness of God."

"Into every intelligence," said Emerson, "there is a door which is never closed through which the Creator passes," and one of the offices of prayer is to keep this door wide open. That it is much wider open in the souls of the best poets than it ever can be for those with unanointed eyes there can be no doubt. Through such a door "The Chambered Nautilus" flashed to Dr. Holmes the secret code of its celestial marconigram, while the woods, to Emerson, as to so many poets, continually whispered high secrets which they were commanded to reveal when the first forest was given leave to be:

"And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man with God in the bush may meet?"

It has been the poetic type of mind, too, which has helped to free prayer from its shackles of form and compulsory seasons. One reason given by Emerson for leaving the ministry was the irksome doubt whether he should always feel like praying at exactly eleven o'clock each Sunday morning, a doubt which as surely measured his sincerity as his later counsel, "When the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe your God with shape and color. Leave your theory as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot and flee."

Naturally, prayers must differ as men themselves do. It is therefore only fair to admit that while a general average of better prayers must result from the conception of a better God, there have been in all ages certain rare souls whose prayers were individually higher than the generation to which they belonged. When not in his vengeful moods, the

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invocations of David, as illustrated in the Ninetieth and Ninety-first Psalms, need as little help from evolution as the perennial glory of the sea. Neither would one care to let a sometimes capricious *Zeitgeist* revise the rapt meditations of Isaiah and Job. Even the exalted reveries of such so-called pagans as Confucius and Marcus Aurelius have a self-proclaimed perfection with which even the cautious ages may not safely tamper. The Roman emperor may not have intended to give rules for prayer, but one of his paragraphs contains a suggestion which is charged with vital possibilities for those possessed with an inward eye. "Let your soul work in harmony with the universal intelligence," wrote the emperor, "as your breath does with the air. This correspondence is very practicable, for the *intelligent power lies open and pervious to your mind, as the air you breathe does to your lungs, if you can but draw it in.*"

"O Universe, I wish all that thou wishest" was one of the prayers of Marcus Aurelius. Of this petition Professor James said, "He who can truly say it, has a self from which every trace of negativeness and obstructiveness has been removed—no wind can blow except to fill its sails."

The Episcopal prayer-book is a later example of devotional expression so majestic and impressive that, like the Bible itself, it challenges the touch of evolution to mend without marring it; and evolution, like the beneficent law it is, has not accepted the challenge, but given its attention instead to prayers which could be mended. The same regenerating force which has resulted in pure-food laws has been testing religious weights and measures and pronouncing its *mene mene tekel* over vain repetitions and all adulterations of insincerity. Much of the so-called "prayerlessness" of our age is part of a revolt against spiritual cant and counterfeit. Rather than make a prayer in which he has no faith, the candid-eyed youth of to-day will not pray at all.

This, however, is only a phase of transition. Along with influences which pull up the flower in pulling up the weed, there have been other influences which have for many quickened and vitalized the idea of prayer. Modern electrical inventions, besides the first end they achieve, throw a secondary light on the mystical laws and possibilities of prayer. The telegraph, telephone, and wireless telegraphy have all extended the boundary of the possible so far beyond the stakes which once marked it that they inspire a still larger faith

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which is no nebulous groping of anemic souls, but the robust conviction of logical minds.

Each one of the inventions mentioned is itself an example of marvelous fulfilment of the inventor's strong and persistent desire—his prayer, in other words. Unfortunately, to many, familiarity has veiled the miracles of electricity so that it is possible for some people to take down their receivers in Boston and talk with friends in Chicago without an inspiring throb of wonder. But some there are for whom "the visionary gleam" never wholly fades into the common light of day. It was by the light of such a gleam that Emerson saw electricity, and wrote of it:

"We had letters to send; couriers could not go fast enough. . . . But we found that the air and earth were full of electricity and always going our way—just the way we wanted to send. Would he take a message? *Just as lief as not;* had nothing else to do; would carry it in no time. Only one doubt occurred. . . . He had no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth, to carry a letter. But after much thought and many experiments we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold the letter up in such invisible, compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needles and thread—and it went like a charm."

When to the wonders of the telegraph and the telephone are added those of wireless telegraphy, the spiritual marconigrams of prayer should not seem so difficult:

When man to man may waft across the world
A swift-winged message on the vibrant air,
Shall rodent doubt still gnaw the roots of faith
To spoil its fair and fragrant blossom, prayer?

If patient men by subtle skill devise
Mysterious stations where their thoughts take flight,
Is God less wise, that haply He should miss
The orisons that wing the silent night?

The spiritual suggestions freed by every great chemical discovery should have the same tonic effect upon the faith of those having eyes to see and ears to hear. Finally, in the psychological investigations of the subconscious mind, the doors are opened into the very transmitting-room of prayer. By the light of such facts as are already acknowledged there is likely to be developed a more scientific form of prayer than the Occident has ever known, though the possibilities in this field have long been known to Oriental sages. How vitally the study of the subconscious mind may affect one's idea of prayer becomes clear as one reads well-authenticated sub-

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liminal feats on record. When the psychologist admits that before going to sleep one may give an order to his subliminal self to wake him at a given hour and be confident that the command will be obeyed, as much more difficult ones have been, certain vaster inferences are justified. If the subconscious mind can do so much, it seems almost absurd to suppose that it can do no more.

How much more it has always been doing, the world does not know. How much more it might do, under deliberate and scientific direction of the objective mind, the world is only beginning to learn. A short time ago R. F. Foster, a writer on the staff of the *Sun,* told the public how he wrote his stories. Sitting in a comfortable position, he thinks about the characters of his tale, with certain scenes for a background. "While gazing fixedly at this mental picture," he writes, "think about nothing at all. Make your mind an absolute blank. . . . The fixity of the idea at the start has given the subconscious mind the suggestion. Give this subconscious mind a chance to expand it. . . . You must practise until you can make your mind an absolute blank for at least two minutes. . . . At the end of the silence, just take up your pen and write, and be thankful if you can use shorthand. Your story will simply write itself."

And, again, the value of this testimony lies in the vaster inferences to which it logically leads. Surely, if one may get so much from the subconscious mind, why should one conclude that it cannot do much more? What it does for us during sleep is, indeed, much more. While the conscious mind is off duty, its more occult partner watches over the delicately complex mechanism of the human body and gives it back to us in the morning so much refreshed and improved that one is forced to the conclusion that when there is any great undertaking under way the conscious mind would better call upon its silent partner and itself quit the premises.

Just this is probably what is done whenever, consciously or unconsciously, a poet or any other really creative writer has a "subliminal uprush." In fact, from such evidence of its powers as the subliminal mind has given us, it seems little else than our private inlet of Omniscience, or, to change the figure, a private line connecting us with the Great Central. Our conscious suggestion to the subconscious mind is thus like taking down our receiver which calls up Central.

From this point of view, holding the conception of our

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subliminal self as an inlet of Omniscience in us, one gets a fresh light on scores of mystical passages in the Bible, like the one in Acts, "*Though he be not far from every one of us*"; and, again, "*In him we live and move and have our being.*" The wisdom of secular mystics also drops its veil confronted by this theory of the problem. When Eckhart said, "The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which he sees me," he was feeling the same truth expressed again by another writer, who said, "He is nearer than hands or feet."

If we think of our subconscious mind as the line connecting us with the Great Central, we shall no longer think of God as "Lord of all being *throned afar*," but as graciously close and accessible, and prayer may become as simple as taking down a receiver. Nor should this idea of the methods and possibilities of prayer seem less reverent than the one commonly held. If we make connections with secular Central, does it matter whether we take down the receiver with our right or left hand? What we see and learn with one eye is as legitimate knowledge as the findings of the other. The same is true of our pair of minds. And if we discover that one of the pair has a far greater power than the other, common sense would suggest that we should call upon that one for more things, instead of depending so exclusively upon its more finite partner.

Oriental sages claim that Christ fully understood the hidden powers of the subconscious mind, and hence used scientific methods in His prayers and in the performance of all His miracles. That our wonderful power-house should have been so long concealed from us should not perplex us. Men are still very childish or there would be no wars. Judicious parents do not give powder and matches to their children, and as long as the human race was very careless with all kinds of matches and all kinds of powder it could not be trusted with more dangerous secrets. All the world's discoveries have come slowly, that they might come safely. The discovery of dynamite in a more barbaric age might have left the globe uninhabited. Even now, one wonders whether it was not half a century too premature.

Wireless telegraphy, also, if understood some centuries ago, might have assisted the destruction of life instead of saving it. Fortunately, a kind of mental induration which resists changes, even for the better, has generally protected

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the race from premature wisdom, and at the same time made a corduroy road for the discoverer and inventor. In proportion, too, as the field of investigation and experiment has changed through finer and finer material planes to the wholly invisible realm of mind, the discoverer is met with more and more doubt and distrust by the shut type of mind. Even when an invention has been preceded by one as clearly prophetic of itself as the telegraph was of the telephone, or the telephone of telepathy, the latter discovery is met with dull suspicion or grudging assent. In the religious world the same attitude of distrust and hostility has met every effort to let the full light of day shine upon the crepuscular findings of dogma and superstition. Religious faith has been regarded as something exempt from the law of change and growth. For this reason, chiefly, it has grown very slowly, checked in its possible enlargement by a fear of self-destruction.

As a result of the long-strained relations between the sacred and the secular, those of timorous mind naturally quake at the suggestion that their faith may be strengthened by psychological research and experiment, fearful that they may lose their way in the chilly fogs of metaphysics. But the fogs of metaphysics have begun to lift, and in the territory they once covered one may reconnoiter unafraid, finding data that will buttress his faith instead of toppling it over.

A great deal of material for such buttressing may be found in a recent volume of T. Troward's *Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science*. Briefly stated, the purpose of these lectures is to prove that by the assistance of his subconscious mind a man may make his prayers effectual, as Christ declared they might be: "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye *have* received them, and ye *shall* receive them." Mr. Troward writes:

"The difference of the tenses is remarkable. The speaker bids us first to believe that our desire has already been fulfilled, that it is a thing accomplished, and then its accomplishment will follow as a thing in the future. This is nothing else than a concise direction for making use of the creative power of thought by impressing upon the universal subjective mind the particular thing which we desire as an already existing fact. . . . We are thus planting a seed which, if left undisturbed, will infallibly germinate into external fruition.

"By thus making intelligent use of our subjective mind we, so to speak, create a nucleus, which is no sooner created than it begins to

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exercise an attractive force, drawing to itself material of a like character with its own, and if this process is allowed to go on undisturbed it will continue until an external form corresponding to the nature of the nucleus comes out into manifestation on the plane of the objective and relative. This is the universal method of Nature on every plane. Some of the most advanced thinkers in modern physical science, in the endeavor to probe the great mystery of the first origin of the world, have postulated the formation of what they call 'vortex rings,' formed from infinitely fine primordial substance. They tell us that if such a ring be once formed on the minutest scale, and set rotating, then, since it would be moving in pure ether and subject to no friction, it must be, according to all known laws of physics, indestructible, and in its motion perpetual. Let two such rings approach each other, and by the law of attraction they would coalesce into a whole, and so on until manifested matter as we apprehend it with our external senses is at last formed. . . . As the vortex theory accounts for the formation of the inorganic world, so does biology account for the formation of the living organism. . . . All branches of physical science demonstrate the fact that every completed manifestation, of whatever kind and on whatever scale, is started by the establishment of a nucleus, infinitely small but endowed with unquenchable energy of attraction, causing it to steadily increase in power and definiteness of purpose, until the process of growth is completed and the matured form stands out as an accomplished fact. Now if this be the universal method of Nature, there is nothing unnatural in supposing that it must begin its operation at a stage further back than the formation of the material nucleus. . . . What is the force which originates the material nucleus? Let a recent work on physical science give us the answer: 'In its ultimate essence, energy may be incomprehensible by us except as an exhibition of the direct operation of that which we call Mind or Will.'—The quotation is from a course of lectures on 'Waves in Water, Air and Ether,' delivered in 1902, at the Royal Institute, by J. A. Fleming."

Mr. Troward continues:

"Here, then, is the testimony of physical science that the originating energy is Mind or Will. . . . Now the only action of Mind is Thought; by our thoughts we create the nucleus which attracts to itself its own correspondences in due order until the finished work is manifested on the external plane."

Throwing significant light upon the conclusions of the *Edinburgh Lectures* is a statement in one of the essays of Mr. John Burroughs: "When you have a thing in mind," he writes, "it is not long till you have it in hand." Illustrations of this fact nearly everybody could furnish from his experience, in the little happenings too hastily labeled as "coincidences" and straightway forgotten. But if one should keep a record of such coincidences, and examine them carefully, he might begin to doubt the correctness of his label. Then he might further test the composition of his

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coincidences by deliberately holding something in mind to discover how long it would be before he would "have it in hand."

More explicit directions for those who care to make this experiment are found in the *Edinburgh Lectures* already mentioned. In passing, one is forced to admit that these lectures, admirable as they are, would gain a hundredfold in their printed form were they condensed and stripped of all their metaphysical phrases. The brevity of the recorded sayings of Christ should serve as an example to all His modern apostles. Moreover, a reader who does not sift these lectures very carefully is likely to be chilled by some of the chapters, which seem to reduce the Deity to a dry, impersonal Abstraction. Few people can make fervent and effectual prayers to a First Cause, or confide their aspirations and longings to "Universal Mind," or to "Cosmic Intelligence." For most of us prayer is vital only when in it is felt the warmth and intimacy of personal communion. That it may still keep this warmth and intimacy, though its method and scope be enlarged to vaster issues, is made clear in less metaphysical passages like the following:

"The Greatest Teacher of Mental Science the world has ever seen has laid down sufficiently plain rules for our guidance. With a knowledge of the subject whose depth can be appreciated only by those who have themselves some practical acquaintance with it, He bids His unlearned audiences, those common people who heard Him gladly, picture to themselves the Universal Mind as a benign Father, tenderly compassionate of all, and sending the common bounties of Nature alike on the evil and the good."

Before concluding, one would like to catch the ear of those who say, "What's the use of praying if the Almighty knows what is good for us?" and another class who regard prayer as an attempt to change the mind of the Creator, or an effort to break His laws.

Neither of these views apparently was held by the Author of the Lord's Prayer. Why?

If the best man the world has ever known found it advisable to pray, there must have been wise reasons for His belief and habit. Nor may we conclude that He attempted to break any laws. Effectual prayer cannot (and the other kind still less) go counter to law, but is effectual because it recognizes and avails itself of hidden laws already made, laws which were an open book to the Man of Nazareth.

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The other question, "What is the use of praying if the Almighty knows what is good for us?" has such an accent of reason that it is the more misleading. But it may be answered by obvious facts in a parallel case. A young child does not need to ask its parents for the necessaries of life. When childhood ends, however, he must in most cases ask, with all the compelling power of strong desire, for everything worth getting in life, including the achievement of character and the spiritual distinction which is its finest flower—a distinction which is one of the results of prayer.

"If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build, shall I say, of all his opinions, will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will."

In harmony with this edict of our Concord Isaiah is the statement of the psychologist that "every thought has a physical reaction." On the kind of asking a man does will depend the quality of his manhood and his contribution to the world. If his unconscious prayer is solely for material things, he may discover too late how true it may sometimes be that "nothing fails like success."

The prayer of the materialist solely for material things is not only answered, but the deed of transfer is recorded on his face, as the deed is also recorded on the face of the man whose prayers have won him an inheritance in the Kingdom of Light.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH GEORGE MEREDITH

BY J. P. COLLINS

It is my good fortune to have talked twice with George Meredith. Both occasions were visits to Box Hill, with a note from an old friend of his to introduce me, and nobody by to interrupt us. Considering how ready he was to receive young men, to counsel and encourage them, it is a matter for surprise that so few records of his talk in this vein survive. Two reasons may account for this: first, neglect to make accurate note of what he said, and, secondly, a natural despair of reproducing its effect upon the hearer.

The first time he received me was five years ago, just after the fall which injured his leg, and the few notes I took were made a day after the visit when the intoxication and the sense of privilege were beginning to wear off. He was little more than convalescent, and said rather ruefully, "The worst thing about old age is to see old friends falling away from you." It was not till he began to describe his accident that this mood of depression passed off, and then he lit the story up with flashes of description. After that his eyes grew animated, his hand responsive in its grip, his voice cordial.

The second time I called—a year and a half later—there was no dejection in his mood. Except for a brusque retort about the public and its opinions, I found him in exuberant health and spirits. He remembered me and took a pride in showing it. A chance question led him to formulate his gospel of success as he understood it—certainly something very different from reward and the world's conception. This impromptu lay sermon I wrote out carefully without loss of time and almost without effort, using an ordinary word where I failed to remember his, and avoiding the

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temptation of trying to recall the magnetism of his talk by decorative phrases. In one case, as the reader will see, he used a succession of commonplace terms to describe his ideal of the home for a worker with ambitions, and, although they would have hardly satisfied a literary dilettante, the picture tallied with Meredith's own surroundings, which struck me as plain in the extreme. They had none of the artistry which in a modern house too often betrays a striving for effect; nor yet the admired disorder which makes the home of many an author picturesque. This time when he dismissed me I took no risks. I went up on Box Hill, took out a note-book, and wrote down everything I could remember.

Meredith's attitude toward these little receptions of his has often been described. He made one think of Prometheus bound. His lower limbs were concealed by a rug, as if he were a traveler by some train that had caught the secret of perpetual motion. They had not supported him for many years. As he said himself, he was like the prince in the *Arabian Nights,* endowed with abundant strength of body and head, but cursed with legs of marble. He laid a bundle of letters down as I entered, half rose with an effort, and sank back into his easy-chair. It was in the forenoon before his daily ride. Sandy, the Aberdeen terrier, was ferreting about his heavy arm-chair, and the tiny table at his elbow carried a litter of boxes of matches and cigars, letters, and books—most of them in yellow covers. Newspapers were altogether absent. Beyond, in the corner, was a turn-table bookcase; around the walls and mantel were prints and photographs. In its ordered informality and the absence of anything superfluous the room was supremely old-fashioned, comfortable, homely.

Most of the talk was monologue, partly through the great man's deafness, partly the scattering onrush of his sentences, partly the utter content of the visitor to listen. To reproduce the rapid swirl of his ideas would tax any pen save his; certainly no words from any one else convey its flow and breadth and vigor. Retrospect and comment on matters of the day came tumbling from him headlong, and it is hard to say which was the sharper and clearer of the two. He leaned well forward to put a question, and before he had caught half the answer he was away again, perhaps across the gulf of half a century.

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It is just as hard to say which touched one most, his frankness over early disappointments, his magnificent buoyancy, his store of memories, or his power of conveying a mood in a glance. His eyes were of deep autumnal gray, the lids looked heavy till he lifted them; his face was tanned with long exposure to the winds, his breath was saturated with the aroma of fine tobacco. Under his loose lounge jacket of fawn-colored Teviot his hands were busy, and there were never surely nervous, white, and delicate fingers at the service of so massive and Olympian a head. His beard was white and bushy; his hair, like foam with the sun on it, flowed smoothly onto his forehead and broke into a kind of tumbled waves. Far the best portrait of the man, as I remember him, is Mr. Sargent's drawing, if the eyes in it were not so dim. Nothing dull or lifeless could resemble Meredith. His mouth, as one could see under the mustache, was clear-cut, with the drawn and parallel lips of the practised elocutionist. His quality, as Dr. Middleton said of fine old port, was senatorial. Whatever he said was promulgated with conviction and a certain half-prophetic, high authority, and the echo of that baying, haunting, resonant voice was indescribable.

Though the absence of any frolic or flourish in the ensuing conversations may disappoint the over-expectant reader and that disagreeable person, the Meredith idolater, it should make them seem the truer to those who have ever listened to Meredith talking at ease. For his talk had this in common with the best of his writing, that its distinction lay more in the ideas than in the form of their expression. Men I know who enjoyed some intimacy with him in his prime describe his conversation as luminous, impetuous, towering in its tirades against convention, and withering in its scorn of advertisement, humbug, and pretense. What he made me realize continually was that he was an old man willing to help a young one with encouragement and guidance, and I admired him all the more for putting at my service all the useful life experience that two hours' talk would hold. There was no attempt to impose upon a listener who was only too submissive, as he could see, and there was no bravery or pretension, no attempt to wear the chaplet and the mantle of the literary man. There was none of what he called "the seven-leagued boots of jargon," still less of what he calls in *Sandra Belloni* "talking on tiptoe."

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Perhaps he was restrained by the thought of danger in talking at large to one who, for all he knew, was weak and impressionable enough to copy the wrong qualities. Perhaps he felt the best example with a young journalist was to avoid politics and the technicalities of writing and keep to the midstream of human interest and good sense. Perhaps, as I prefer to believe, he gave no thought to the matter, being content to express his own natural self. What he said was for my ear alone, and when I asked permission to print it he charged me more than once to keep it to myself until he was "out of the way." This injunction I have obeyed, and where I have related passages to others I have resolutely tried not to let it grow, as things upon the tongue too often do. There are excisions, of course, where his remarks applied to things of passing interest or where something like the same remarks have been recorded from his lips before; as, for instance, praise of his favorite paper the *Journal des Debats,* or condemnation of so many of our English papers at the present day in their scramble after advertisements and circulation.

"I do not find to-day," he said—and this was during the first visit—"the fearlessness of journalism at its best, the journalism of Douglas Cook and Morley and Frederick Greenwood. Do you know Greenwood? A splendid fellow. He had the power of projecting his mind into the maze of foreign politics several days ahead of the event or any one else, and certainly in this I have never known his equal. That method seems to be lost in Fleet Street now—the tradition even. But if only some one would show the way to a higher level than commercialism, and set his paper on a platform of authority where it could speak without favor or fear of the results, I am sure the public would value it and follow it, and the result would be well worth the experiment." I recalled how Irving had once said almost the same to me concerning theaters when he was deploring the fate of the old Lyceum. But Meredith's assurance had the truer ring in it.

About that time the Japanese War was filling men's minds. I wondered why in the general chorus of praise no one had said anything of the heroism of the Japanese women.

"Well, it will be said in good time," he replied. "One thinks of them as delicate, tender creatures, physically frail,

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and wrapped in taste and codes of etiquette; but if they produce a race of heroes like this, they must surely be something beyond our preconceptions. Happily, travel is doing wonders to enlighten us about our neighbors, and much remains to learn, my friend. When I was young I had a great desire to get away and see the world; I should have made for Japan as soon as anywhere, for I always admired its art as possessing an exquisite humor and point that we cannot find elsewhere."

I had the temerity to ask him what was his favorite book as a boy.

He mentioned several of the older favorites, till at last he smiled and held up a warning finger. This was one of his reminders of the rule of discretion I was to observe. I nodded and he went on.

"There was one book I was fond of when I was quite a small fellow and that was a story called *The Boy Crusoe.* I forget who wrote it, and can't imagine why. I believe it was a woman. It was a strange and bewildering affair." And with increasing relish in the recollection he entered on a burlesque of the narrative, winding up to a tremendous passage of revenge on the edge of a lake or somewhere, where the villain was inconsequently melted by the playing of a flute. I thought of the tin-whistle idyl in *Feverel.* He laughed and then went on:

"At last some one gave me *The Arabian Nights,* and I lived and lived in them until I said to myself, 'Why, I can write a story in that vein,' and I wrote a book called *The Shaving of Shagpat.* That was years afterward, and there are people who read it still." This remote way of talking of his books was the only trace of mannerism in his humor I perceived, and innocent enough it was to one who had seen something of the weak side of authorship, its unbridled egotism, its affectation of humility or neglected worth, and a ceremonial manner of approaching its own concerns, all in the manner of the artless Mr. Crummles.

"I was bold enough to show some of my early works to Carlyle, and he advised me to turn to history as the repository of facts. I said to him, with all deference, I thought there were greater things in the world than facts. He turned on me and said, 'But facts are truth and truth is facts.' I said: 'No, pardon me. If I may say so, truth I take to be the broad heaven above the petty doings of

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mankind which we call facts.' He gave me a smile of pity, for my youth, as I suppose, and then said, 'Ah, weel, if ye like to talk in that poetic way ye may; but ye'll find it in your best interest, young man, to stick to fahcts.' "

Again he laughed at the humor of the contrast. He was to give me his view of history and its vanities in another talk a year or two later, as you shall see. In the interval this anecdote of Carlyle appeared in print, I believe, from some other hand and with a variation, but it seems worth while to give the version here as I wrote it at the time.

Burning to gather his views concerning pictures, I tried to ask if the Pre-Raphaelites had lost any of their glamour for one who had been their valiant comrade in letters, and whether he had ever been tempted to authorize an illustrator for his novels. Perhaps the question was clumsily framed, a tiresome infliction on a deaf man. The chance passed and it did not recur; but one or two things he said of music had the right touch of revelation. He was talking of a habit of humming to himself.

"Greenwood, I remember, once confessed to me he had this habit, and I said, 'Why, then, you are a Welshman.' He said, 'Now you come to mention it, there is Welsh blood somewhere in my veins.' I said, 'So there is in mine'; and I know that Welshmen have this knack of music, together with other attributes not quite so agreeable."

I thought of the passage about music and the Welsh in *Harry Richmond,* and the sly remark in *Sandra* that there is human nature and Welsh nature.

"Sometimes," he went on, "old strains of operas go rambling through my head; either a bit of "Ernani" or the "Ballo in Maschera" or the *quattuor* from "Rigoletto." A wonderful fellow Verdi seemed once, until you found that by passing the fingers up and down the keys you hit on an air yourself and saw how slender was his inspiration. When those old arias of his are haunting me they are hard to drive away, and sometimes they follow me to bed and keep me wakeful. Then I have to beat them down with a bar or two of Wagner. Wagner is the one musician."

I asked if I might see his chalet before I went, and he assented, telling me the now familiar story of the way in which he used to make it a sort of hermitage whenever he had a book in writing. He slept there at night, and his

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household were forbidden to disturb him or even to serve his meals, except to leave something simple inside the door for him to consume at his leisure. This Spartan method moved me to say how his brother authors must have envied him his grand physique, but he shook his head. He had overtaxed it with too much dietary discipline years ago, he said. An inherent weakness of the stomach, that he ought to have treated under advice, he strove to conquer by resolute measures, and they failed. He told me that many a morning he went out fasting at dawn for a long and arduous tramp across the hills, returning for a late breakfast that exhaustion made unappetizing; and when his rules of regimen made him tackle it in spite of himself, the reaction made the afternoon of work sometimes a barren one and usually a burden.

He went on to speak of the strange correspondence he received from professed admirers, many of them women, and one letter he referred to as remarkable was written by an American lady occupied in the cause or profession of education. He mentioned it for its insight into his books and its frank and daring outlook into the problems of the future. That talk, as I remember (and I regret my notes were all too short), ended with a noble eulogy of America and the Americans.

"They are more adventurous than we," he said, "and more prepared to test the new idea. I look forward to a great future for them when we, perhaps, have fallen behind the times. At any rate, if you live to see it, as I shall not, you will find, my friend, that the greatest nation will be the one where men and women are the nearest thing to being equal. But both of the sexes have a deal to learn before that time comes.

"And now I must dismiss you. They are waiting with my chariot to take me for my round."

I felt like asking if I might have the honor of walking alongside the little chaise, but something in his eye showed that he had had enough of strangers for the time being. I went up to the chalet in the hilly garden at the back of the house—the hermitage I have spoken of—and found it simply planned; just a couple of rooms, with a low-lying bed in one and a desk in the other. Around the desk were shelves of books, many of them French yellow-backs or German criticism. The English books were few — Swin-

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burne among the moderns and no sort of order or selection among the rest. Too obviously the shelves had been ransacked whenever he had sent for a volume he required, and either the truants had never returned or they came back in heaps and remained so. With all its lumber the little place was nothing but a "bare, ruined choir"; the spirit had gone out of it and left it cold and dead. The sight of so much litter, by contrast with the glowing presence I had newly left, made me think of the many useless books which have been written to "interpret" him.

As I left the gate and trudged up the slope of Box Hill I caught sight of a little procession winding up by the road. First came Cole, the gardener, taciturn as ever; then the patient donkey; then the little chaise with the great man in it. As for Sandy, the terrier, he was everywhere, in and out of the bushes, nosing for something to worry, and pursued at intervals by a call from his master which echoed about the hill. That voice will haunt the Surrey hills for me if I live to be a hundred. As I recall it now and try to imitate the sound it suggests in his own phrase the note that made it so distinct from other men's. He was "keeping the young generation within hail."

The second time that Meredith received me my errand was soon explained. I had come to ask if he had anything to say from the standpoint of a man on the brink of his eightieth year. I would have quoted John of Gaunt on the eloquence of men who find themselves approaching their end; but the lines seemed absurdly unsuited to this hale and alert old man. I soon began to feel my powers of persuasion useless. His brows descended and his lips met grimly before he turned on me and answered:

"I have nothing to say to the world, no message or pronouncement or anything of the kind. It has been my rule for many years now to refuse to be interviewed, and when I have set that rule aside it has always been with great reluctance and too often with regret. My feeling amounts to a positive dislike to seeing my name in print. Besides, I cannot believe that anybody wants to hear anything more from me; the world and I have too little in common. You may say that I have no resentment against it and that I am all for rational progress. I would like to see people keeping their heads clear of cant and prejudice and refusing to be

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drawn or driven into wholesale stupidity. But the public at large has never taken any great notice of me; whatever I say is Meredithian and this is considered enough to condemn it. When I started to say things in my own way they coined the word Meredithian, which means Pickwickian, you know—something to be disregarded."

When this splenetic overture was passed a calmer smile came into his face, and he began to ask about old friends. "How is ——? A splendid fellow. And ——? Is his venture flourishing? I am glad to hear it. He was always a sterling worker, and I dare say he works hard still. As I remember them they had a pretty hard struggle of it. So had I; so had we all, what with newspapers and magazines, and reviewing and writing to order, prose or verse, and reading for publishers, and the rest of it." He shrugged his massive shoulders and his fine eyes went up to the ceiling.

I thought I saw an opening for the message at last. "What," I asked, "is the best compensation in drudgery?"

He gripped the arms of his chair and reflected for a moment. "If you mean," he replied, "keeping your soul alive, I would say—make for yourself a quiet, unassuming, cultivated, but comfortable domestic atmosphere. Marriage, where there is true love on both sides and a right choice, is the greatest happiness on earth; there is no other state to equal it. I asked a physician the other day—an admirable fellow—how old he was and why he had never married. He said he had never met the occasion or the woman, and I answered that perhaps he had never really looked for her. By all means, I would say, marry, but marry carefully and rightly. It solves many problems both for the man and the woman; and how are women to develop their best faculties and virtues if you leave them to dwindle into spinsterhood?

"Then, secondly, I would say, find out your tastes and refine them; they are the best soil for your ambitions. And when your ambitions stand out clear don't let them perish or be crushed or crowded out of you by excess of task work. This is important for all young men to remember, especially when opportunity seems remote. Μενετοί θεοί—the gods are slow; but they surely work their way in time. And never be put down or deterred by a failure. You will come to see that failure, after all, is a better and sounder adviser than success. Think of Dickens and the way that premature

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success turned his head until he came to regard himself almost as a sacred person. George Eliot, again—I remember her famous receptions, when she sat in the corner with all the airs of a priestess and callers filed before her to such a length that some of them had to wait an hour or two to get a word with her. I can see Lewes now taking some one by the elbow and saying, 'Come this way, my dear sir, and see if I can't edge you in somewhere among the early ones.'" The scorner of success lay back in his chair with closed eyes and shook with inward laughter at the recollection.

"Carlyle now," Mr. Meredith went on, "was preserved from all this folly by his great and saving grace of humor. It sweetened the great humanity in him and revived him after his enormous labors. No one knows the extraordinary pains he took, and how he toiled so that every word of a sentence should fall on the ear with the emphasis it carried in his mind. They say he was unapproachable; I never found him so. Mrs. Carlyle once said to me: 'Thomas is hard to bear with now he has finished the first volume. What he will be when he gets into the third I can hardly bring myself to think.' But he was soon restored, and after an hour's talk with him he would recall something or other he had said and end it all with a great peal of laughter."

I ventured to say: "Most of us have a grudge against Carlyle, and that is for the savage way in which he dealt with Charles Lamb."

"Well," was the retort, "there were reasons there, or excuses at any rate. Carlyle was a man to whom the realities of life were solemn things, and he did not know, he could not see, that the flippancy and banter he detested were Lamb's way of making those realities endurable. It is more than probable that Carlyle never knew the tragic undercurrents of Charles Lamb's life, although if any one had enlightened him he would have pondered them over for a moment, I dare say, and then dismissed the matter with a 'puir creature, puir creature!'

"I remember saying to Carlyle once, 'Sir, there is one man made for your pen and that is Bismarck,' but he shook his head and answered me sadly enough, 'Too late.' It is very grievous to think of his coming to the end of his stupendous labors and so much of them expended on historical

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research. History is a thankless field for a man of such gifts as his. What would he have said if he could have known that a single generation would overlay his work with new investigations and new discoveries? So far as the evidence was available in his day his *French Revolution* was perfect, yet already we know that his view of the flight to Varennes was wrong. In the matter of *Frederick* he fared rather better, for he had the advantage of new materials and he went over much of the ground himself. That is what helped him for the battles, and his battle scenes are magnificently, Homerically done. I had the chance of judging them in 1866, for I was war correspondent to the *Morning Post* at Vienna. My sympathies were all with Italy, as you may guess, but I came to admire the many fine qualities of the Austrian officers. And I remember realizing on the actual field how Carlyle, with the few materials at his command, must have striven and worked to obtain such a grasp as he did of the conditions of the struggles in *Frederick*.

"There is one more thing to say on the question of compensations in drudgery, and that is the love of nature. I have always thought of the younger men, and it has made me anxious for them to get their chances, or at any rate better chances than came to me. I would say to them, 'The best safeguard against discouragement in yourself and inappreciation from others is to go out into the open and renew your being in the fresh winds of heaven.' I remember when my first novel, *Richard Feverel,* appeared it fell from the press almost unnoticed. There was no reason that I could see why it should succeed, but there was less reason why it should be misconstrued. A few days brought me in some nonsense written about the story in the papers, and my irritation grew when I found how some of my reviewers misunderstood one passage. It was the first English story which tried, I think, to describe realistically the temptations a young man has to face; and it raised a storm of abuse about my ears. For the life of me I cannot see how it erred, but the reviewers belabored me and made me miserable for a while. Then I flung their opinions aside and went up to the hills; and presently, as I found myself with the grass under my feet, the birds wheeling about me, and the broad sky overhead, I soon forgot it all. You can discipline yourself against these things if you care to take the trouble.

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"There was one man different from the rest, though; it was that strange, tempestuous, robustious fellow Henley. He got hold of my books, and hammered it into the public that I was worth reading; and I remember in particular my surprise at the enthusiasm he put into a review of *Diana* in the *Athenæum*. It was done in his usual vein—first a clap on the shoulder, then a slap on the back, and here a fault and there a fault and some little pap of praise at the end—but he meant it, every word. Perhaps you know it was America that took up *Feverel* first; then England slowly followed. If I had depended upon a general chorus of praise, or been afraid of blame, it might have disturbed me, but it never did. I remember Tennyson saying to me once, as we were walking from Orleans House down to the river, 'Apollodorus says I'm not a great poet.' I wondered to myself who Apollodorus could be till I remembered there was a certain man of the name of Gilfillan who wrote under that name in an insignificant paper of those days; and I said, 'Why trouble your head with what Apollodorus says?' He answered me very gloomily, 'He shouldn't have said I'm not a great poet.' And I remember, too, that another attack in a third-rate weekly paper, great as he was, caused Tennyson three nights of insomnia. No, sensitiveness like that is too dear a price to pay. I need not tell you the rogues never kept *me* awake."

We fell back on hack-work and the hardships of reviewing for a daily paper, where a book has to be secured at short notice and the estimate written against time. Mr. Meredith confessed that he still read omnivorously—newspapers, magazines, reviews; and that through the agency of the London Library and the kindness of friends there was no book of importance in any field of literature which he failed to get and read. But he inveighed against the dearness of books, and the subject was high in the public mind at the time.

"Two guineas," he said, "is no uncommon price to pay in England for a book of memoirs, and this is dictated by the existence of the libraries and the fact that ours is not a book-buying public. Yet in French I can usually get an admirable new work for twelve shillings or so, with the advantage of leaving the binding a matter of option until the book turns out to be worth it or not. Then if I want luxuries I can always get editions on Japanese paper or

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vellum. I buy a good many of these French memoirs, and bind a few. But I think that in cheapening our books the publishers are starting at the wrong end. If we are to have cheap novels, and the binder is to get his share, there will be precious little left for the author. The man with a reputation may not mind, because he can make his own terms, but it will be hard on the younger men; and I don't think, after all, that the increase in sales will justify the change."

The conversation turned on marriage, and Mr. Meredith spoke of the way in which his opinions had been sought on the question of platonic love by a morning paper. "It was over a case that turned up in the divorce courts," he said, "in which the lady had been kissing somebody; and I had to say that when it descended to the kissing stage I thought Cupid flew in and Plato departed. I think I have made it clear in *Diana* that a man with a wife who cultivates male friends, and interests herself in a variety of affairs, has need to be indulgently aware of all she does and trust her generously if they are to remain loyal to each other, for the moment a woman of that sort finds him out in any shallowness or petty artifice nature contrives to be revenged and to trick him somehow."

In the pause that followed I told Mr. Meredith the greatest enthusiast about his novels I ever met, and the man who led me to read them, was a compositor who could not afford to buy them on his wage of fifty shillings a week. He beamed with pleasure at the thought of his books appealing in such a quarter, and said, "Yes, there are sprinkled here and there about the world men who cultivate their souls unto themselves and go their own way happy." He asked what town it was; and when I spoke of its matter-of-fact surroundings, with some pride therein, he went on to say, "Well, after all, youth can build what castles it likes and environments do not greatly hamper it; but when you come to years like mine, my friend, you begin to make stipulations." He spoke of the interior trials that young men have to face unaided, and said the encounter might be rendered easier if only men would teach their sons sanely and cautiously that evil is not always so repulsive as religion would have us believe, and that the right attitude toward what is so glibly called "sin" is a great compassion. Finally he said:

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"I am glad to see that there are men in religion who are advanced enough in these days to put that compassion into their discourse, and who open their eyes with a truer and deeper recognition of things as they are.

"Good-by; bear in mind what I have said and tell it to the younger men. First, make yourself a home worthy of the name, marry wisely, purify your tastes and ambitions; and when others discourage you go out into the fields and talk to nature. God bless you!"

Closing his gate behind me, I turned to take a last look at his house, and the thought of its great serenity put me in mind of the prayer of Socrates in the *Phædrus:* "Grant me to be beautiful in the inner man and all I have of outer things to be at peace with those within. May I count the wise man only rich. And may my store of gold be such as none but the good can bear."

So well does it all express George Meredith that it might have been written in "the Pilgrim's Scrip."

J. P. Collins.

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THE LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

BY DARRELL FIGGIS

GREAT letter-writers are not habitually great writers apart from their letters, unless it happen that their other writing be largely couched in an epistolary or personal form, as with Lamb or Cowper. The reason is not very far to seek. The great writer, in the degree of his creation, is building an Art that shall be removed from the interposition of Time. It may grow and thrive, well or ill; it may even seem to turn from its first bent, as it is bound to derive its sustenance from the outer world of circumstance and occasion; but its growth and thrift is that of a structure complete in itself, in the end, in the measure of its success, to turn about and defy the challenge of Time. But the born letter-writer is one whose gaze is turned quite in the opposite direction. He watches the diurnal flow, takes keen delight in the ebb and flood, is absorbed in its apparent changes, and the petty toll borne past on the face of its waters. It is his very lack of preoccupation that gives the true letter-writer his charm.

Yet among those who are creators, not letter-writers, there is a considerable degree of difference in their correspondence. Keats, under the exacting discipline of his verse, had to deliver in his letters his conception of his art, even as, later, Flaubert was to elaborate in his *Correspondence* the principles that eliminated their own declaration in his novels. But with Meredith the case was different. His art was more hospitable to strangers. "All I have to say goes into books," he says, in a letter to Mrs. Janet Ross. At the time he wrote that he was at work upon *Emilia in England* (since altered to *Sandra Belloni*); and one need not read far into that book to discover why his letters should be so bare, in the main, of those comments on life and art

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that provide so acute an interest in the correspondence of some artists.

Yet this shutting aside of other interests gives the sequence of Meredith's letters an extraordinary value when set beside the course of the novels. In its bare, almost nude, occupation with the strict business called up by the wayward necessity of correspondence a commentary is provided that is the more valuable because it has to be discovered. It is rather the exception than the rule to find any mention of the novel he is at work upon; indeed, save in the early days, there is no explicit reference to the work he has laid aside for the writing of his correspondence. It is even necessary to have dates in memory in order to discover the precise moment in what one might justifiably call his more permanent life. Yet when this has been done, when one has been laid beside the other end to end, a rich and extraordinary human interest emerges from the juxtaposition. As has been said, the very fact that the commentary thus provided should be so unpremeditated, in the natural course of things, makes it the happier when it is seen.

In the larger course of his life and his life's work it is so not less than in the closer application. For example, it is obvious to every reader of the novels that up to the time of the writing of *Harry Richmond* and *Beauchamp's Career* Meredith had in mind the larger audience of intelligent readers, however slight may have been his fortune in capturing their hearing. In the three novels that followed—*The Egoist, Diana of the Crossways,* and *One of Our Conquerors*—it is as clear that he addressed himself particularly to the smaller circle whose hearing he had won and on which he could to a measure rely; even as, in the closing two novels, it is possible to see a wider audience again introduced to the scope of the appeal and a gentler, less exacting, less eagerly brilliant spirit pervade their inception and execution.

Readers unfamiliar with the novels might have learned so much from the letters. Here it is even tragic. To read them steadfastly through is to fear at times for the writer, then to grieve for him; grieve the more keenly since his talking of the blow, though touched with bitterness, is so stoical—even to a righteous sense of indignation against all the tribe of short-sighted reviewers, secure in their little uncreative fastnesses. As novel succeeds to novel, in

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the slight hints he makes concerning their presentation, it is even painful, in view of the event, to see his eager, ardent soul throwing itself into the prospect of at last laying by the heels the elusive Puck of popularity.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, his first novel, had been banned by the libraries as an immoral book; which, in the days of the three-decker, was death to any novel. Writing to the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, who speaks of bringing his wife to visit Meredith at Copsham, he asks: "Does she know that my literary reputation is tabooed as worse than libertine in certain virtuous societies, that there have been meetings to banish me from book clubs?" *Emilia in England* followed in due course on the stocks; and went all awry in the workmanship. He himself plainly recognizes this: and indeed it must be apparent to any reader. It appears in a letter to Sir William Hardman that this was due to "altering my original conception of the scheme"; and he declares in consequence to Mrs. Jessopp: "Of Emilia I cannot speak. She grieves me. I have never so cut about a created thing. There's good work in her; but the work? That note of interrogation is in person."

What chanced with *Evan Harrington* it is not possible to say. It was published at his own charges; and though the publisher later declared that it won him "a fairly large sum of money," the letters at this moment give no hint that any success has come his way. Yet his eye looks eagerly forward. He declares again to the Rev. Augustus Jessopp: "I shall be a *millionaire* next year. My plain story *(Rhoda Fleming)* is first to right me, and then the three-volumer *(Vittoria)* will play trumpets." The "plain story," strangely enough, never seems to have won his esteem to the end. It is not less curious to discover that it should have failed to win esteem with the reading public. *Vittoria* appeared first serially in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review;* but in the book form it was as unproductive of the larger fame he coveted as its hapless predecessors.

Yet, still he looks to the future to save the past. It is true he writes to John Morley: "As for *Harry Richmond,* I fear I am evolving his personality too closely for the public; but a man must work by the light of his conscience if he's to do anything worth reading." Nevertheless, he is full of hope. His words are plainly a safeguard against

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excess of hope, for on hearing that William Hardman likes the tale as it appears serially and anonymously in the *Cornhill,* he declares: "So you do both care for *Richmond.* I hoped it. . . . I shall have another to follow when *Richmond* ceases, and so by drumming may make the public hear me at last." This other is *Beauchamp's Career,* wherein he tells Captain Maxse: "You may look and see. My dear Fred and his loving friend George Meredith."

These again went the way of the others. Nothing, it seemed, could win him the approbation he craved. The goal he sought seemed as remote as ever. For seventeen years since the publication of *Richard Feverel* (twenty-five years since the first volume of poems) he had drummed at the public ear, while the public had given but scant heed; and a change comes over the letters, slowly, like a film of cloud stealthily shutting out the brightness of the day.

Nothing, it would seem, could daunt the clean courage of Meredith or turn the stoic temper of his mind. Always he faced forward fearlessly, bravely. But courage in the affairs of men is not always one with a high and eager spirit. With Meredith it was not so after this repeated balking of his hopes. Constant work and continued disappointment have their way so terribly with him that it is even hard to read his letters at this time by reason of the utter weariness that they speak. Later, in the year of his death, we find him writing, "These reviewers do not reflect on their chances of wounding"; and there is the tang of retrospect in his phrase. But now he writes to his son Arthur on the Continent:

> "Whether I can come to you hangs doubtful. I am half bound to work for the *Cornhill;* and as I am unpopular I am ill paid, and therefore bound to work double tides, hardly ever able to lay down the pen. This affects my weakened stomach, and so the round of the vicious circle is looped. I will come—be sure, if I find it prudently possible. . . . Yet I could not enjoy it under pressure of work to finish or a holiday stolen; I have lost my old buoyancy."

Later he writes to Admiral (sometime Captain) Maxse, saying: "For me I would not have my life again—under the conditions." "Consciousness," he adds, "excites human felicity to kill it. Past consciousness there may be a felicity eternal. These are not words; they are my excruciated thoughts—out of bloody sweat of mind, and now peaceful, imaging life, accepting whatever is there."

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It is not easy to conceive of a possible eternal felicity apart from consciousness; but one can well imagine how so paradoxical a conception had captured the mind of a man whose very excess of consciousness in the past had been the instrument of his excruciation. It is during these years he turns about and writes entirely to please himself: no more seeking to woo the world, he erects his own peculiar world of Art, full of aerial delicate laughters, dialogues that dart through the air like swiftly jeweled arrows and wanderings in labyrinths of difficult and unexplored psychology. His house of Art is to be his own pleasance, wherein the intellectual athlete shall disport himself, seeing the mass of readers will not share its hospitality. And now it is that Fortune casts her capricious transformation over the history. Out of this final defiance of his emerges that larger recognition of his work that he had coveted so long, that had been so persistently withheld from him. So much so, indeed, that, as it wears on apace, he is induced to take up and conclude a novel that had lain aside for some years. *The Amazing Marriage,* as a letter to Robert Louis Stevenson makes clear, was begun immediately after *The Egoist,* but was not continued. It is not difficult to see what caused the continuance. He never, indeed, forgets his treatment at the hands of reviewers; he never, in his later years, sent out his volumes of poetry for review, leaving the querulous tribe to make merry, if they would, with his novels only; the very characteristics of Carinthia Jane in *The Amazing Marriage* stands for his conviction that there is a country where the sword of the irrevocable forbids the entry of forgiveness. Nevertheless, a change occurs. His letters soften and become more gracious; his sometime exultancy and buoyancy, it is true, are gone, but more than the reflection of them may be seen in the gentler and more chastened stoicism that takes its place; and the rigidity of his antagonism is relaxed, a more tender outlook supervening.

Two friendships, in his letters, stand for signs of these two moods in him: the early mood of exuberance and hope, and the later mood of philosophic resolution. William Hardman he met when they were both living at Esher; and in Blackburn Tuckham of *Beauchamp's Career* he recorded his portrait of him. "Mr. Tuckham had a round head, square, flat forehead, and ruddy face; he stood as if his feet

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claimed the earth under them for his own, with a certain stoutness of leg that detracted from the majesty of his resemblance to our eighth Harry, but increased his air of solidity; and he was authoritative in speaking." Sir William Hardman has already recorded his early reminiscences of Meredith; and the irresistible gaiety of these letters to "Tuck" (as he dubbed him, receiving the sobriquet of "Robin" in return) confirms and even revivifies that enlivening picture. Snatches of song are trolled out with whatever caprice of the moment; laughter bubbles up through the words; the irresponsible gaiety that characterized their walks through Surrey and Hampshire, swinging madrigals along the lanes and chaffing each other continually, breaks out into every line of these early letters. "Do we quarrel?" he asks in one of them. "If so, I send love to somebody and snap my fingers at you. If not, my regards of the warmest to both."

To see so spontaneous a mood passing from the letters, to see the exuberance and high-spirited gaiety crushed into a more ordered steadfastness, is to have strangely recalled to one his own stern and stoic phrase with regard to the change that was wrought in his Emilia: "It is a quality going and a quality coming." One of the most curious things in Meredith's life was the way in which it was required of him that he should stand the challenge of his own philosophy as outlined in such early works as *The Shaving of Shagpat* and *Sandra Belloni*. The new series of letters that now begin to John Morley mark the passing of spontaneity and the coming of an enriched philosophy that has some strange correspondences with the spiritual evolution of Emilia, lacking though it be in the central fitness.

The friendship was a rare one: intimate, yet never quite familiar, based on identity of issue and mutual admiration rather than on the more spontaneous promptings of the blood, with the result that the letters rely not only on the warmer interchange for the matter mentioned in them, the roll of the world's affairs being touched upon incidentally with a vivid and incisive pen. They yet display a rich strength of affection that is infinitely touching in its tale of a manly interchange of love.

It is to John Morley he delivers his opinion of Tennyson's "Arthurian Cycles":

"He is a real singer; and he sings this mild fluency to this great length.

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Malory's *Morte Arthure* is preferable. Fancy one affecting the great poet and giving himself up" (in our days!—he must have lost the key of them) "to such dandiacal fluting. . . . I read the successive lines with pain—yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies who would be in the fashion. . . . The praises of the book shut me away from my fellows."

It is to John Morley he says of Mark Pattison: "Pattison on 'Books' is perfectly correct. As with India, irrigation would improve his produce." He tells him: "I have read your *Robespierre.* It sent me to Carlyle. He bears rereading. Still, that kind of thing will not do. It is our only history of the French Revolution, and is in as much disorder as the Paris of Danton." And, indeed, the letters to him are full of such incidental and incisive touches that make us crave for the other half of them. For this friendship, coming at full maturity, flowed to the end. It was John Morley, as editor of the *Fortnightly Review,* who printed the serial issue of many of Meredith's novels, such as *Vittoria, Beauchamp's Career,* and *The Tragic Comedians,* whereas *Diana of the Crossways* and *One of Our Conquerors* were subsequently first published in that *Review* as a consequence of that partnership. It was to the credit of his discernment and courage that he did so. At the end of his days we find Meredith writing to him, when Mr. Arthur Balfour had proposed him for the Order of Merit:

"When the communication came I had vision of an enormous misty mountain that had been in some odd way benevolent to me, and I was mystified until I detected the presence of an active mouse, assuring me of a living agency in the strange matter—anything but a ridiculous birth. For evidently it had fretted at the ear of the Premier and caused A. B. to cast eye on a small a. b., long a workman in letters. Was I not right? I wished for no distinction. A title would have sunk me. But I could not be churlish in this case. Besides, I am to be ranked with and near you."

Yet among all the letters—letters to friends and letters to strangers, letters of early buoyancy, letters of later bitterness, and letters that breathe a rich harvest at the evening of the day, letters that are redolent of his fragrant intimacy with the varying face of Mother Earth, and letters that deal with household affairs—the only name that continues from the very earliest almost to the close is that of Admiral Maxse. It is in its way a wonderful correspondence. We have now, in a letter already quoted, Meredith's own explicit authority for finding "my dear Fred and his loving friend George Meredith" in *Beauchamp's Career*—Nevil

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Beauchamp being, as is well known, Captain Maxse, and Dr. Shrapnel (who is therefore framed in caricature) his own creator. To recall the letters written by Dr. Shrapnel to Nevil Beauchamp is to discover more energetic paraphrases of some of the letters in this collection. It is, for example, Dr. Shrapnel who writes to Nevil Beauchamp:

"Take this, my Beauchamp, for the good in prayer, that it makes us repose on the unknown with confidence, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for revolution—for life, then! He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. Prayer is the recognition of laws, the soul's exercise and source of strength, its thread of conjunction with them. Prayer for an object is the cajolery of an idol, the source of superstition."

It is George Meredith who writes to Captain Maxse, speaking of prayer:

"It is good for men. It is at once an acknowledgment of some higher power; it rouses up and cleanses the nature, and searches us through to find what we are. Only the praying for gifts and thanking for gifts is really damnable. It's treating the Lord as an old uncle."

The identity, in fact, is even closer than a superficial similarity of words would suggest. Dr. Shrapnel, one remembers, was a kind of spiritual, social, and physical mentor to Beauchamp; and in his letters Meredith is repeatedly taking this office for Captain Maxse. "Don't forget," he says to him, "that mental arrogance is as a fiery wine to the spirit—a little of it gives a proper pride; but you carry too much." Frequently he rebukes him; often he encourages him. His political predilections are taken to task; and even the problems of hygiene and of desirable and undesirable foodstuffs are examined in detail. One of the results of this is that as Meredith grows through the somewhat severe discipline that life had set for him it is possible to discover the growth, the evolution rather than the change, in his opinions. Even as the great buoyancy passes into a stoic discipline and resolution, so the earlier zest for all of life passes into a discrimination of its uneven values. The large praiser of wine—port in *Evan Harrington* and *The Egoist,* sherry in *Rhoda Fleming,* claret in *Harry Richmond,* champagne in *One of Our Conquerors,* the vintage of the Rhine Valley in *The Tragic Comedians*—comes to say: "I do not abjure wine when it is old and of good vintage. I take it rarely. . . . Stimulants may refresh and may even temporarily comfort the body after labor of brain; they

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do not help it—not even in the lighter kinds of labor. They unseat the judgment, pervert vision." This, to be true, was to a correspondent other than Captain Maxse, yet in the letters to him, in the discipline of diet that he outlines for him, may be seen the stem and bough of which this is the leaf.

The study of Meredith's philosophy and its growth is its own separate study; yet in these letters to Captain Maxse the change in the man is seen that created the philosophic growth, since a man's philosophy is ever his attempt satisfactorily to account for his presence in the world. Philosophies are always, in their degree, mechanical; yet here it is possible to lay the finger on "the human pulse of the machine." Indeed, it becomes possible the better to interpret the machine, for there are certain reservations, hints even, and intimations in the stoic creed he wrought for himself, unnecessarily neglected when they lie scattered through his work. If the neglect he suffered caused him to spin a somewhat stern garment for himself where he went his unacknowledged way, and so to shut himself from the gentler solace that enlightens the minds of men, he was yet not so immune from their quick hopes as it might appear. In the agnostic age in which he lived it was not so easy for him to give their just value to these intimations that haunted his mind acutely at some moments, and from which he was never quite free even when he denied himself the solace they proffered. Yet there they were; and it is characteristic of his later correspondence that, while it is always present as an animating spirit in his letters to Captain Maxse, it only takes explicit form in the letters to John Morley. It is to John Morley, for example, that he writes the following wonderful letter:

"I tossed off a letter to St. B. to end the year '77. I greet you in the first hour of the New One, after a look at the stars from my chalet door, and listening to the bells. We have just marked one of our full stops, at which Time, turning back as he goes, looks with his old-gentleman smile. To come from a gaze at the stars—Orion and shaking Sirius below him—is to catch a glance at the inscrutable face of him that hurries us on, as on a wheel from dust to dust. I thought of you and how it might be with you this year: hoped for good: saw beyond good and evil to great stillness, another form of moving for you and me. It seems to me that Spirit is—how, where, and by what means involving us, none can say. But in this life there is no life save in spirit. The rest of life, and we may know it in love, is an aching and a rotting."

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Possibly it was this very night's reflection that prompted the poem "Meditation under Stars"; where, one remembers, night having passed, he comes to earth with his mind full of the hints of eternal majesty the stars convey, and

> "Then at new flood of customary morn,
> Look at her through her showers,
> Her mists, her streaming gold,
> A wonder edges the familiar face:
> She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
> Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter than her flowers."

"Sweeter than her flowers"! Yet this was he who once sang:

> "Into the breast that gives the rose,
> Shall I with shuddering fall?"

It is even so in that great hour of trial when he knew that his richly happy second marriage was to know the term sternly set by death. Even here it is true that "all he has to say goes into books." When the blow fell on him he found his solace in erecting that stately though chastening temple of fortitude and stoic comfort, "A Faith on Trial." Here he turns to Earth for comfort and learns that

> "Harsh wisdom gives Earth, no more;
> In one the spur and the curb:
> An answer to thoughts and deeds;
> To the Legends an alien look;
> To the Questions a figure of clay."

"Smite, Sacred Reality!" he cries; and will take no solace from hopes for, instincts of, a richer being beyond the clay. Indeed, he declares roundly to Mr. Herbert Trench that "the good ship Immortality methinks has served her turn." Nevertheless, in the last days of his wife's illness, he writes to John Morley: "Happily for me, I have learnt to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks would pull me down too." To his son, after her death, he says: "I do not doubt that you think of your dear mother. Think of her as alive in the spirit. She is with you in your worthiest thoughts—and the nobler they are the more you may be sure of that." And so again to John Morley: "Death is death, as you say, but I get to her by consulting her thoughts and wishes—and so she lives in me. This, if one has the strength of soul, brings a spirit to us."

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In a letter to G. P. Baker (now Professor of English in Harvard University) he declared: "When . . . you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me you hand me the flowering wreath I covet." The novel, he adds, he wished to use to this end, though he wisely adds that he "never started on a novel to pursue the theory it developed." It is the irony of events that the neglect dealt out to his earlier novels should largely have induced the stern, somewhat severe, indisputably stoic spirit that actuates his later work in verse and prose. It is a spirit that, when not almost repellent, as in Carinthia Jane, seems rather to be exclusive than inclusive, ascetic rather than generous, as in Matthew Weyburn. Such was the cloak wherewith he clothed himself rather than the urgent, desiring man within the cloak, as these letters reveal him to be. Therefore they come to cast a rich and flowing light over his works, helping us to interpret them as with a fuller significance, and even at times as being lit with a possible mystical beauty. By their aid our ears may be attuned to the discovery of a chord that shall be heard sounding with a sudden spiritual meaning in a music that seems to be prohibitive of the larger spiritual application.

It is tragic to think how much of this might have been unnecessary, how much these quicker inspirations might have found their place in his more deliberate philosophy, had it not been for the stoicism with which he guarded himself against the neglect of a bull-minded public. In a letter to Swinburne he writes: "I see the illustrious Hutton" (whose day of petty authority is now happily wrapped from memory) "of the *Spectator* laughs insanely at my futile efforts to produce an impression on his public." Later in the same letter there is a phrase poignant in its tragedy. "I am being carried away from the Singing," he cries. All through them, to one correspondent or another, this insistence of the value of the Singing to him is enforced, accompanied though it usually is with a recognition of its futility in his material state of affairs. Early in his life he writes to Mrs. Janet Ross: "I have left *Emilia Belloni* untouched for months. . . . *En revanche,* I am busy on poems"; and later to her again, "I regret to say I can't give up writing poetry, which keeps your poet poor." Nor is he in any sense doubtful of the particular quality of some of his

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poems. "They are flints, perhaps, and not flowers," he tells the Rev. Augustus Jessopp. Their tendency was ever that way; which is to say that his tendency was ever that way, since a man's poetry is ever the reflex of his soul. But the rich waves might have come on them had their execution not always been in the interstices of a heavy pressure of work. And in such a case the Singing would have reflected his deeper aspirations instead of setting bounds to them by a praise of brain rule.

That is to say that in the letters, despite the fact that they are chiefly incidental by nature, one may approach nearer the breathing heart of Meredith than even in his work.

We see him as a philosopher-artist, a little fearful of what is called the artistic temperament; a man as much in touch with the world as the earth. It is possible to catch him in the undress of his hopes and thoughts; and to see their more various tendencies before he has eliminated such part of them as could not find entry into the straighter channel of his philosophy. Yet, above all, we are taken into some of the intimacies of a mind so rich, so full that one wonders where there is another mind so rich, outside Shakespeare, in English literature.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

HOME LIFE. By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

THE new edition of Mrs. Sidgwick's *Home Life in Germany* proves how many folk are interested in what she calls the "small-beer chronicle" of a country.

"When I read of a country unknown or only slightly known, I like to be told all the insignificant trifles that make the common round of life. It is assuredly desirable that the great movements should be watched and described for us; but we want pictures of the people in their homes, pictures of them at rest and at play, as well as engaged in those public works that make their public history."

It is such a picture of intimate German home life that Mrs. Sidgwick, herself of German parentage, though born and bred in England, has given us, and it is a chronicle of special interest and value because it deals pre-eminently with the life and the concerns of Woman. Children, Schools, Education of the Poor, the Backfisch (school-girl), Student, Conventional Ideals of Women, Marriage, Housekeeping, Servants, Food, Shops, Expenses, Hospitality, Sports, Inns, Lodgings, Summer Resorts are the subjects that make up the volume.

One wonders if it is fantastic to believe that *Home Life in Germany*, published anonymously by D. Appleton & Co. in 1876, was an earlier and more vivacious picture by the same hand? There is in both books the same preoccupation with servants, household affairs, expenses, courtship, marriage. The earlier book, in the chapter on "Woman," devotes many pages to the Weimar group, and Mrs. Sidgwick wrote a volume on Caroline Schlegel in 1889. The descriptions of confirmation, of food and furniture, dress of servants, although apparently not a sentence is exact repetition, tally sufficiently to seem to give a name to the earlier anonymity.

If we are right in so fixing the authorship, we find that the present book lacks a little of the spice, the force, and vivacity of the earlier one, but it gains in breadth, wisdom, and fullness of data. Following the chapter on "Riehl on Woman," Mrs. Sidgwick gives her experiences of the "New Woman" in Germany. She describes the great *Lette-Haus* in Berlin, where girls are taught scientific housekeeping. Even young doctors go to the *Lette-Haus* in Berlin to follow classes in invalid cookery. The girls who take a regular course are taught the whole art of housekeeping from such details as how to scour a pan and scrub the floor to fine laundry work, darning, and sewing. If a girl so trained should be

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entirely bereft of servants she would be independent of them and able, with the least possible exertion, to carry on her household affairs.

The present volume gives an account of the women's clubs of Berlin and some amusing anecdotes of the new and far too free ideas taken up by the new woman. Both the old and the new book have a little fun over the "sad and silly spectacle" of the clinging-vine type, "a vine that more and more finds itself without support." The present book congratulates the Germans that the old "old maid" is dying out and that in her place is a resourceful and cheerful "bachelor person."

For thirty-six years we had looked upon the Appleton publication, *German Home Life,* as giving the truest and most intimate picture of the German *chez soi.* Mrs. Sidgwick's volume is an amplification of that volume brought up to date, but written so entirely in the same spirit that we make no doubt that it is by the same hand. The signature, in deference doubtless to personal and social relations, softens the candor and satirical humor of the former volume, but the penetration loses no keenness and the humor is still abundant.

GATEWAYS TO LITERATURE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

One is obliged to begin this book by granting Professor Matthews his wholly barbaric spelling. The look of the page is an affront to the eye and an insult to the ear. It is beside the mark, now that the matter has been so thoroughly threshed out, to protest that we do not pronounce all past tenses as if they ended in "t"; or that "through" imitates in sound the meaning of the word and is many vibrations longer than "thru"; or that it takes time and patience to understand such words as "colleag," "rimed," and "riming."

Allowing for this fad, the volume has all the distinguishing marks of our modern, democratic, American scholarship. The sentence structure is monotonous to an unpardonable degree. Never is the style lightened and varied by a fine, long, wavering line. Decoration of any sort is conspicuously absent. Of Pater, from whom of course all our scholars should have learned something of the music and genius of language, Mr. Matthews says in writing of the *Plato and Platonism,* "It is thin and brittle in its temper, artificial and affected in its manner, and in a word self-conscious and berouged." The only reply is that many of us desire devoutly to convert the American professors to the use of rouge to heighten the monotonously sallow complexions of their writings.

The volume contains essays that have served as university addresses and introductions to books. It covers such ground as "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History," "The Duty of Imitation," "Literary Criticism and Book-reviewing," "A Note on Anatole France," "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame," "Fenimore Cooper," and a tribute to Bronson Howard. Of these essays the least sympathetic and interesting is that on Anatole France. Indeed, Anatole France is not an author whom we should expect to see approved by our lightly optimistic, democratic school. Could there, indeed, be a wider gulf than that between the tragic consciousness of M. France, disguised, as it is, under his tone of ironic persiflage, and the sturdy, cheerful, near-sighted outlook of our modern

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American scholar? To the latter an esthetic sense is sheer affectation; insight into the mystery and tragedy of life is needless and profitless; originality of form or freedom in emphasizing the personal note results in a "helter-skelter story" or an "undramatic drama." Nothing, in short, is less allowed for than temperament. And, indeed, by those whose temperament is so thin as to be quite invisible in literature why should it be allowed for? *De sensibus non disputandem* is as indisputable a proverb as ever. Anatole France is a writer to take or leave, according to taste, and so is Professor Matthews.

In the essay on "Gateways to Literature," Professor Matthews tells with evident relish the anecdote of the American painter's reply to a purse-proud buyer who announced that she knew nothing of art but knew what she liked, "So do the beasts of the field." Yet in the essay on "Book-reviewing" he comes back to the American fallacy that in judging the essence of literature, its vital qualities, the judgment of the plain people, who know nothing of art but know what they like, is truer, better, and more reliable than an expert judgment. In which case, to go over the hackneyed ground, Shelley is, of course, no poet, while Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a very great and lasting poet. Marie Corelli is, then, without question the greatest novelist of the last fifty years and John Galsworthy had better resign writing; Hall Caine is a great writer with whom it is futile for Rossetti to compete. This wide-spread fallacy is indeed one of the most disastrous bits of flattery ever invented as sop to the pride of the people.

If the "Note on Anatole France" is an essay that moves us to little admiration, the one on "French Poetry and English Readers" is able and interesting. It is an undeniable fact that English readers, even those most interested in French prose, fail to find the charm in French poetry. Professor Matthews offered two excellent reasons for this: one, that the genius of the French language is definiteness and clarity and that all poetry comes in a trailing cloud of glory. "In some of Shelley's loveliest lyrics," he says, "the logic is a little doubtful and the exact meaning not beyond dispute." As a second reason Professor Matthews points out that all emotion is accentual just as all nature is. "The spontaneous expression of feeling rises and falls like the waves of the sea. There is a cadence in the crooning of the mother over her babe asleep in the cradle as there is also in the bitter wailing of the tribe over its dead." The French language to the contrary has a peculiar lack of accents, a fundamental monotony of utterance. The very barrenness of stress and undulation, then, is what makes the aridity of French poetry for the English and also the German reader. It might be noticed in passing that certain quite modern French poets have almost overcome this difficulty by using very short lines where the wavering accent is less missed. Take, for example, the little song by Maeterlinck which ends:

"Et s'il m'interroge alors
Sur la dernière heure?
—Dites-lui que j'ai souri
De peur qu'il ne pleure."

Here one has the broken accent and the poignant pathos, the tender cadence of a Heine or a Wordsworth lyric. It is quite fit to be put by:

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"She has no motion now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees."

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

The casual pieces of John Galsworthy which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review, Scribner's, English Review, Atlantic Monthly, Century,* and *Nation* are here gathered together. Of these the two most beautiful ones are the "Vague Thoughts on Art," "A Novelist's Allegory," and the "Three Gleams," the first of which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* The two distinguishing features of this author are his master craftsmanship—for he is a veritable jeweler in words—and his highly socialized conscience. In no other writer of to-day do pathos and searching pity find such beautiful expression. The weight of the world, the misery rubbing elbows with luxury, the heavy veneer of life which disguises the wood which is its substance is a haunting thought with him, and he stands in the front of those who will make life better by refusing to blink at facts.

Of the manner of the book it is sufficient to give the author's name to know that it is as perfect as manner can be. The subjects range over such wide facts as modern materialism (in the "Inn of Tranquillity," "Quality," "Sheep-shearing," etc.), minor tragedies of life (in "Evolution," "The Procession," "Gone"), word pictures ("The Old Time-Place," "Three Gleams," and "Felicity"), with a section at the end given over to the discussion of letters, in "The Censorship," "Schooling," "Concerning the Drama," "A Novelist's Allegory," "Finality" (or the essence of authorship), and "Thoughts on Art."

The spirit of these essays may best be given in a passage from one of them:

"And the immortal wonder that has haunted man since first he became man and haunts, I think, even the animals—the unanswerable question, why joy and beauty must ever be walking hand in hand with ugliness and pain—haunted us across those fields of life and loveliness."

THE POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS OF JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. Edited by L. C. COLLINS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1912.

These essays, as the editor tells us, were mainly used by the author as lectures. The subjects are, "Shakespearian Theaters," "Samuel Johnson," "Edmund Burke," "William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft," "Wordsworth as a Teacher," "Emerson," "Emerson's Writings," "Matthew Arnold," "Browning and Butler," "Browning and Montaigne," "Browning and Lessing," "Tennyson," and "Curiosities of Modern Proverbs."

The vast and curious learning and wide reading of this prolific author are shown in the last-named essay, and his habit of constantly comparing his authors for like ideas and interesting parallels in the comparisons of Browning and Bishop Butler, Lessing and Montaigne. Much of Brown-

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ing's preoccupation with immortality, pre-existence of the soul, progress as the law of the soul, and the opportunity as well as the responsibility of human life, Mr. Collins finds stated in the works of Bishop Butler; a good deal of the reasoning upon faith and the divorce of faith and reason he finds in Montaigne; and in Lessing, Browning's conviction that accusations against the letter of Christianity in no wise imply accusations against the spirit.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more fair and searching analysis of Matthew Arnold. He treats Arnold as the summing-up and ultimate blossom of academic Oxford in much the same way that Dante sums up medievalism.

"An incomparable master of persiflage and irony, the rival of Lord Beaconsfield as a coiner of delicately felicitous phrases and turns of sarcasm, most urbane when most irritating, most pleasant when most caustic," he yet admits that Arnold failed in impressiveness and authority. That he too often assumed the attitude of Touchstone toward Corin and Audrey and that he admonished by ridicule is too true. Mr. Collins points out, also, that Arnold founded all morals upon taste, and that his work was mainly demolition. The necessity of earning a living was the cause of Arnold's failing to do for English letters what Sainte-Beuve did for French letters. Arnold's work was necessarily fragmentary and occasional, and certainly, in the case of the theological writings, superficial.

Consummate in his own sphere, Mr. Collins admits that Arnold was sure of a fall when he fronted any great elemental force such as the Hebrew Prophets or Walt Whitman. The most laudatory of the essays are those on Wordsworth, and Mr. Collins's well-known power of invective and satire finds expression in the treatment of Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin. "What a set," he says of all that crew, "for the 'Bird of Paradise' (Shelley) to have got his radiant wings entangled with!"

THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER. By JOHN S. P. TATLOCK and PERCY MACKAYE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

The complete poetical works of the Father of English poetry have here been turned into beautiful modern English prose by a fine scholar and a good poet. It was a work that probably must sooner or later have been done lest the average reader of poetry should ultimately forget and neglect this "well of English undefiled."

The volume is handsome in every exterior detail and scholarly and charming in its execution. To say that the true reader of poetry would ever accept a modernization for that marvelously fresh and buoyant spring song of our language is to claim too much. And however charming are the opening words, "When the sweet showers of April have pierced to the root the dryness of March and bathed every vine in moisture whose quickening brings forth the flowers," they can never quite compete with the time-honored beautiful lines:

"Whan that Aprillë with his showrës swoote
The draught of March hath perced to the roote
And bathud every vine in swich licour
Of which vertue engendred is the flour,

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Whan Zephyrus eek with his sweetë breethe
Enspirud hath in every holte and heethe
The tendre croppës and the yongë sunne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smallë fowlës maken melodie
That slepen all the night with open eye,
So pricketh hem Nature in here corages
Than longen folk to gone on pilgrimages."

If this is not great poetry, if it cannot be placed alongside of Arnold's great touchstones, all in the grand manner like

"In la sua voluntade e nostra pace,"

or

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

it is at least exquisitely lovely poetry. It is the very quintessence of charm and buoyancy. So to those real readers of poetry, to whom the very word Chaucer brings to the memory passages as lovely as the opening one, no translation can recapture and hold the original beauty.

If we turn to favorite passages to see how things are done, we may well say the translation could not easily be bettered, and yet who could devise any equivalent so lovely as:

"Til it fell oonës in a morwe of May
That Emilie that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on her stalkës greene,
And fresscher than the May with flourës newe—
For with the rose-colour strofe her hewe,
I not which was the fyner of hem two—
Er it was day, as sche was wont to do,
Sche was a-risen and already dight."

Who that has read and loved his Chaucer can but regret to see that "Martyr souded in virginitee" take on the dress of modern words.

The book, then, is not for the reader and lover of Chaucer, but for the taster of poetry who likes the poets made easy. And doubtless Chaucer more than another can afford to offer his wares for the matter in them without the lovely manner of them. The stories he tells were excellent stories before he handled them, and are even to-day in their modern setting still good stories.

The work, it may be said, is as accurately and as well done as possible, and the illustrations by Warwick Goble add value to the handsome volume. Especially pleasing is the outline drawing of Blake's "Canterbury Pilgrims" on the pre-title pages.

William James. By Émile Boutroux. Translated by Archibald and Barbara Henderson. New York: Longmans, Green & Company, 1912.

When Émile Boutroux says of William James, "He had a proud and courageous soul: . . . he had the instinct for sympathy and love, for sacrifice, for the asceticism which disciplines the will, for the heroism consecrated to the ideal," there are few who would gainsay him. It was just such an impression as this that that great man made upon all who

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knew him in the flesh. He had dignity with kindliness; an ascetic gravity of character with swift and keen humor; a profound mind and an understanding heart. Still when M. Boutroux goes on to say that his pride was founded on a "simple trust in the generous enthusiasms of religion," one cannot but feel that the French author is too ready to translate Mr. James's tolerance of all views into the enthusiasms of the so-called "spirituals." Throughout the volume M. Boutroux lays too great stress upon Mr. James's agreement with himself. We much doubt, for example, whether Mr. James would have subscribed to the following:

"It would not, therefore, seem contrary to the underlying trend of his philosophy to admit behind the static reason of the dialectician, behind the ready-made list of immutable categories, a living and concrete reason, having to do not with mere empty concepts, but with actual beings, and desirous not only of unity, of immutability, and of necessity, but also, and above all, of free harmony and inward communion."

As a character sketch, as a summing-up of a moral trend, the book is excellent and presents in his habit as he lived the upright and lovable philosopher.

The chapters are on "Life," "Personality," "Psychology" (showing how Mr. James derived his psychology directly from biology, from observation and experience); "Pragmatism" (and the presentation to the world of that solid, concrete, anti-idealistic philosophy); "Metaphysical Views and Pedagogy." It being Mr. James's contention that philosophy is only of value in so far as it directs the will toward those things which have true value and result in higher loyalty to morality, he naturally applied philosophy, as does his colleague, Dr. Dewey, to theories of education. One of the most interesting points in the book is the author's explanation of the point at which Mr. James's philosophy met that of M. Bergson.

The English of this translation is exceedingly faulty and at times ungrammatical. The book needs and lacks an index.

Founders of Modern Psychology. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1912.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who is president of Clark University, has the gift of writing with charm and spirit of profound subjects. The present volume contains biographical sketches of Zeller, Götze, Fechner, von Hardtmann, von Helmholtz, and Wundt, as well as careful analyses of their works and a critical estimate of the parts each played in the development of modern psychology. In the years between 1870 and 1873 Dr. Hall studied in Germany under the first four masters named above, and after study with James and Bowditch in this country returned to Germany and came under the influence of Wundt and von Helmholtz. The twelve years from 1870 to 1882, says Dr. Hall, marked, more than any other period, and gave direction to modern psychology. The book, then, has the value of dealing with the most important period and the most important men of a practically new science and of giving the impressions of an eye-witness, one who lived with the very founders of modern psychology. Especially grateful must all American students be for the

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copious information as to Fechner. Fechner was much neglected in his own day, and the attention of American students was chiefly drawn to him through James's tribute in his *Pluralistic Universe*. This sent even the general reader after the *Little Book of Life after Death*, the most beautiful of Fechner's mystical writings. The essays of Dr. Mises are almost unobtainable in this country, and it is consoling to note from the analysis of the works made by Dr. Hall that the material contained in them is not of the highest value.

One of the most useful parts of the volume is the careful bibliography attached to each sketch, and this, with the preceding analysis of the work, gives the student just the data he needs to choose his reading. The book, however, is not for the technical student, but is full of interest for the general intelligent reader.

APPLIED SOCIALISM. By JOHN SPARGO. New York: B. W. Huebsch & Co., 1912.

Mr. Spargo's yearly volume is made of a set of lectures delivered at the Rand School of Social Science. He is concerned herein with the rebuttal of many charges brought against Socialism and with a definition of what is really intended by the more conservative wing of the Socialist party. His first chapter divides Socialism from the various Utopian dreams that have been evoked in its name. "It is self-evident," he points out, "that the directive faculties of the human mind do not and could not exist independently, that they are rooted in the great underlying social dynamic forces as a tree is rooted in its soil. It is a fundamental postulate of the Socialist philosophy, a cardinal principle of that materialistic interpretation of history upon which the philosophy of modern Socialism rests, that economic conditions form the basis of human progress."

Socialism, then, unlike all the Utopian dreams from Plato's to Bellamy's, has to found itself upon existing economic conditions. It has to deal, not with the unconscious, genetic, irresistible evolutionary processes, but with human directive energies. By Applied Socialism the author means the concrete expression of Socialistic principles and the realization of Socialist ideals in the polity of the state. While Utopianism can afford to disregard the tendencies of economic development, it is the work of Socialism to forecast a practical programme for immediate issues, to formulate and justify measures that shall be applicable at once. Mr. Spargo feels that society is actually in process of being transformed from capitalism to Socialism by a series of mutations. He finds society already permeated by a spirit of social interests, of brotherly responsibility, and he quotes with zest Marx's words that "capitalism is always producing its own grave-diggers." The work of the Department of Agriculture in its aid to farmers, irrigation works carried on under the Reclamation Act, the constant extension of roadways, the conservation of natural resources, free education, the State care for home hygiene, public libraries, parks, playgrounds, all these are essentially Socialistic undertakings.

Reviewing various definitions of Socialism from Proudhon's, "Every aspiration toward the amelioration of society," to Mill's, "Socialism is any system which requires that the land and the instruments of production should be the property, not of individuals, but of communities

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or associations or of government," he quotes as the final word on Socialism: "It is a theory of so-called evolution according to which the rate and manner of social progress are mainly conditioned by the development of the methods of production; an ideal of society, believed to be the next stage in social evolution, in which the present exploitation of class by class has no place, the production and distribution of wealth being carried on for the common good."

The first few chapters of the book are explanatory and definitive. The remainder are rebuttals of familiar charges brought against Socialism. He denies that Socialism will limit the freedom of the individual except where such freedom is directly predatory or harmful to others. Indeed, the very goal of Socialism is, to use the words of John Stuart Mill, "to unite the greatest individual liberty of action with common ownership of the raw materials of the globe and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor."

One chapter deals with Socialism and the family under Socialism. The absurd charges of immorality, he says, brought against Socialism are the same as those brought against every new idea. It was brought by the Pagans against the early Christians, by Protestants against the Romanists, by the Romanists against the Reformers. To a Utopian every imperfect human institution is a challenge for experiment, but there is nothing in Socialism *per se* that militates against the family as its exists. To be sure, some reformers have recommended endowed motherhood, and others trial marriages, and still others State-trained children; none of these reforms, however, are a part of the Socialistic platform. The same is true of the relation of Socialism to religion. There have been Socialists like Liebknecht and Bebel who, angered at the oppressions and superstitions of the Church, openly professed atheism; but Socialism leaves one as free to choose a religion as to choose the Republican or Democratic party. For those who want to find out what are the tenets of the conservative Socialistic party we can recommend Mr. Spargo's book as both lucid and sane. Whether, indeed, the moral obligation of mere brotherliness will ever be compelling for the vagrant, unstable heart of man, is another question.

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